OCTOBER 30, 1948

SATURDAY NIGHT

PRICE 10 CENTS

VOL. 64, NO. 4 • TORONTO, CANADA

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

THE FRONT PAGE

New Problems For Old

LAST week Ottawa eased our restrictions on imports of fruit and vegetables from the United States, but put new controls on imports of steel. It is no accident that these things happened at the same time. The shift of controls reflects a shift in our national problems.

About a year ago, when we cut down our imports of fruits and vegetables and many other things from the United States, our great worry was the shortage of U.S. dollars. By the end of 1947 our reserves had sunk, from a high point of $1,667 millions in May 1946, down to $461 millions. The controls that we then put into effect were sweeping, but many people doubted whether they went far enough and would act fast enough. Other countries, faced by exactly the same situation, found that many months went by before their remedies—which were essentially the same as ours—began to work.

But with us the cure seemed to begin almost overnight. Our trade responded just in the way we hoped, and far sooner than we had any right to expect. Exports to the U.S., which were $564 millions in the first seven months of 1947, leaped to $765 millions in the same period in 1948. At the same time imports from the U.S. actually fell by $116 millions.

No wonder our reserves have shot up. In June (the latest date for which the government has trusted us with figures) they were $742 millions. This amount was somewhat swollen because we had at that time added to our reserves part of an emergency loan from the U.S. Export-Import Bank, but by now the figure is presumably a good deal bigger. So we can afford to relax a bit.

One of the most important sources of the money that has been flowing into our reserves is the U.S. government's rearmament program. U.S. firms have been buying huge quantities of aluminum and base metals and other war materials from us. And, from all indications, this demand is going to keep on growing for some time to come.

But it is this same rearmament program, of course, that causes the shortage of steel. Moreover, this shortage is going to get worse, and other shortages like those we went through in wartime are going to appear.

And so we are exchanging one sort of problem for another. Instead of sitting up late at nights wondering how to save extra U.S. dollars our economic general staff in Ottawa may well be wondering how to ration basic supplies needed by the armament program: steel, and metals and oil and all the rest.

France, The Weak Link

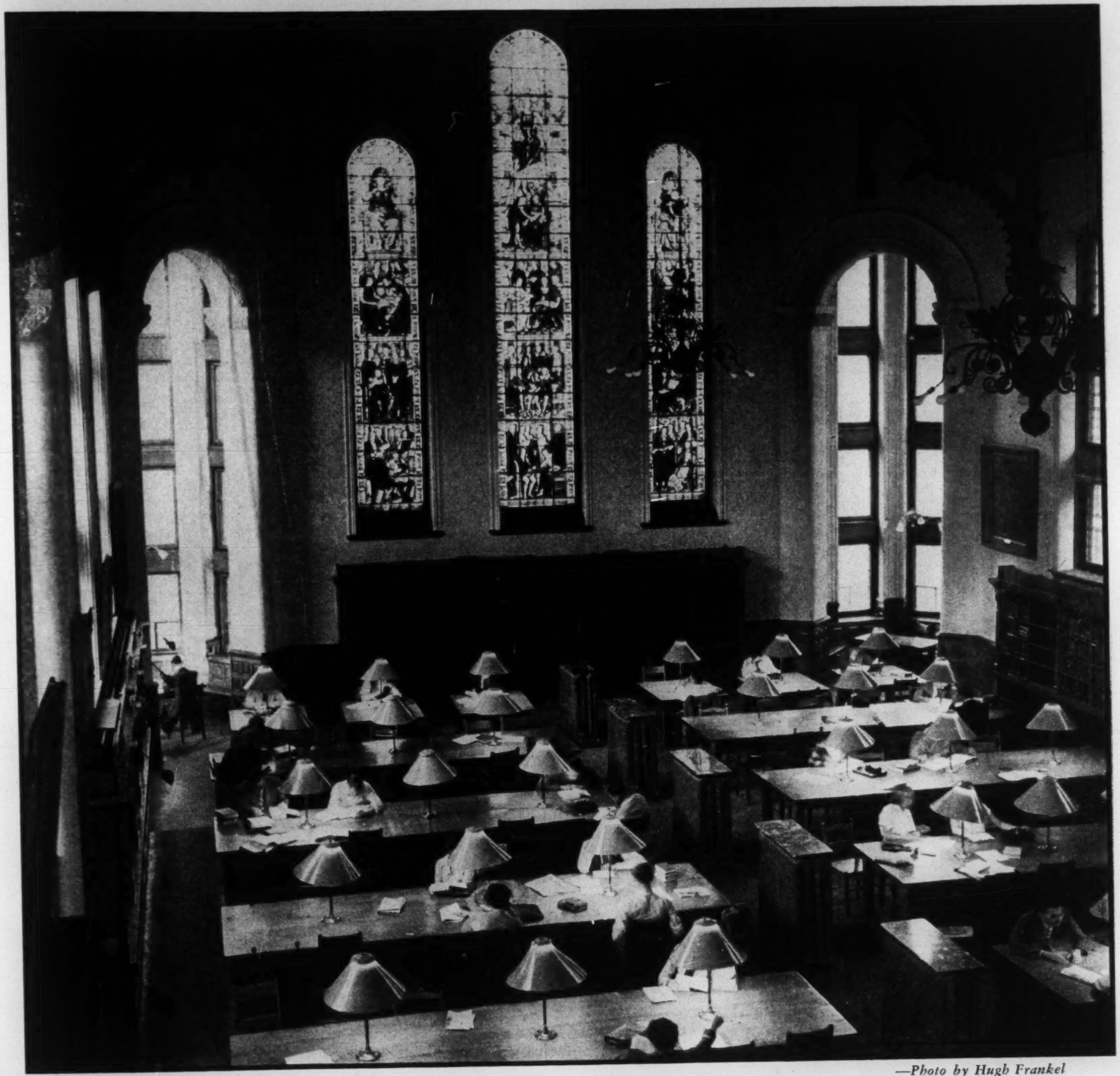
FRANCE seems to be going from bad to worse. One weak government succeeds another, each trying to keep the delicate balance between the Right and the Left. Political concessions are thrown first in one direction and then in another in the desperate hope, not of arriving on firm ground, but merely of keeping afloat for a little while longer.

At the moment it is the Left that is causing the most active trouble, centering on the strikes in the coal mines, but this seems likely to push the country to the Right where General de Gaulle stands with open arms. A de Gaulle government means vigorous, probably vicious, repression of the Left which, in its turn would produce widespread strikes, street fighting, martial law, and military operation of mines and factories that could not be kept operating in any other way. The country would be kept going, but it would simply be limping along, with industry even more crippled than at present.

Considering the historic ties between this country and France, we can only regard the situation as tragic. But, in addition, it is extremely dangerous. The foreign policy of this country—and everyone now agrees that we *have* a foreign policy—is to build up and support Western Union, and to get the United States to join us in an Atlantic security pact. Yet France lies at the very heart of Western Union, and it is French security that the U.S. and ourselves would have to guarantee.

Naturally the French want the U.S. (and ourselves) to guarantee their frontiers against attack from the east. Yet how can we do so without any reasonable assurance that there will be a large and effective French army, backed up by a large and effective production of equipment in France, ready to take at least its share of the first onslaught. Just at present it looks as if the French might go down before an attack even more easily and less gloriously than in 1940.

We would not suggest that the policy of supporting Western Union should be abandoned—far from it. On the other hand, when it comes to the question of an Atlantic security pact, we have got to be very careful about what frontiers are guaranteed and with what forces and by whom.



—*Photo by Hugh Frankel*

Into this 56-year-old building are crammed 500,000 books. One of the objects of the McGill Fund's appeal for $9,075,000 is library expansion. Above, the reading room, Redpath Library.

Election Apathy In U.S.

THE American electorate is reported to be "apathetic" over the contest for four years' occupancy of the most important political post in the world. The apathy is understandable. Neither of the leading candidates is at present, a first-rank political figure, and it seems scarcely possible that Mr. Truman could ever become one. Neither of them represents any definite school of political thought, such as the New Deal or the Good Neighbor Policy, or even any definite opposition to any such school. Mr. Truman has been campaigning in the mantle of F. D. Roosevelt and in the mask of a cheery and talkative garage mechanic; the two properties do not fit very well together, but railway station audiences are not too particular. Mr. Dewey has been campaigning in the role of a sort of Efficiency Expert in government, the man who wants the job of tidying up a governmental machine which has begun to make nasty noises in the gears. This is not the sort of contest to get anybody very excited. The opinion polls can hardly be quite so far out of line as they would have to be if Mr. Truman has any chance of election, so that even the sporting interest in the event is extremely limited.

We have suggested that the Republican candidate does not represent any definite attitude of opposition even to the New Deal; and we believe this to be true. The traditional Republicans are of course violently opposed to the New Deal and the whole philosophy which it represents; but when it comes to a presidential campaign they have sense enough to tone down that opposition because it is not a vote-winner. The one element of uncertainty in the

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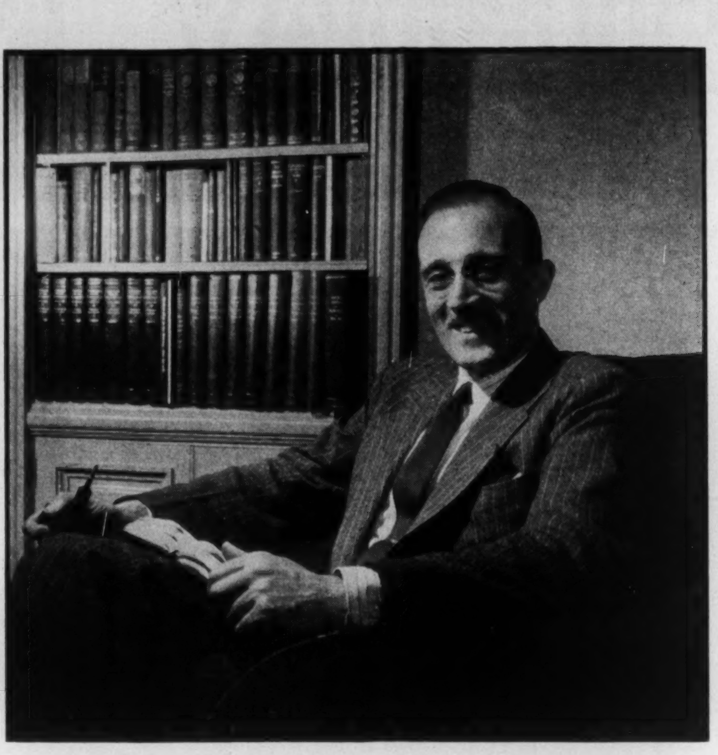
"WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH OLD McGILL?"

STORY
J. N. Harris

PICTURES
Hugh Frankel

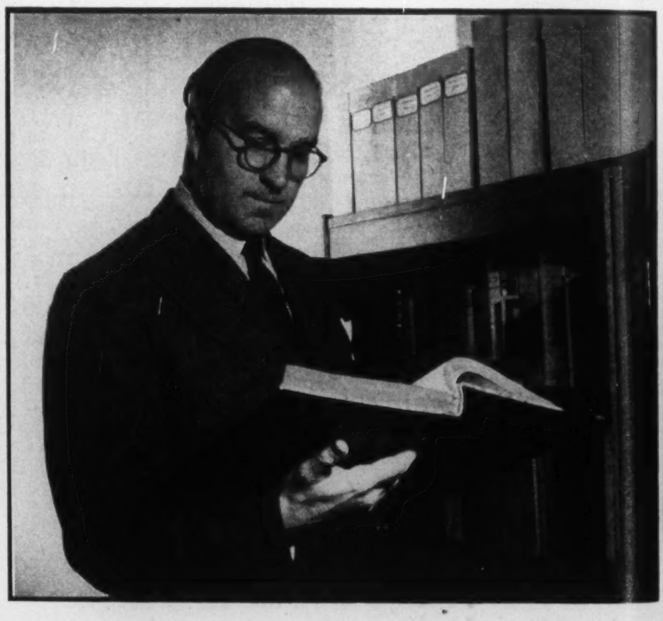
The Arts Building, famous for more than a century, stands as the heart of the campus. The ancient façade has been preserved.



Dr. F. Cyril James, principal and vice-chancellor, directs 7,800 students and 800 professors and teachers in the McGill Plan.

Robert Tyler Davies, director of the Art Association of Montreal, is chairman of McGill's new Department of Fine Arts.

The new Donner Building for Medical Research provides facilities for research and houses Lauterman Laboratory.



H. N. Fieldhouse, dean of the Faculty of Arts and Science, and chairman of the Department of History, since 1945.

In a biochemistry laboratory a research assistant in experimental surgery does a gasometric analysis of blood.

Students meet professors informally at seminars. Here Prof. B. S. Keirstead discusses a question of economics in the teachers' common room at Purvis Memorial Hall, nerve centre of McGill's social sciences. Teaching methods are modern.

McGILL, Canada's largest privately endowed university, is planning for the future. The McGill Plan is an attempt to build a university that is suited to serve the community in the dangerous years ahead. An integral part of that plan is the effort to achieve a proper balance among the various disciplines or studies: the humanities, the physical sciences, and the social sciences.

The feeling at McGill is that until a few years ago there had been some weakness or lack of emphasis in the sphere of the humanities, whereas the medical school was renowned throughout the world, and the engineering faculty was strong.

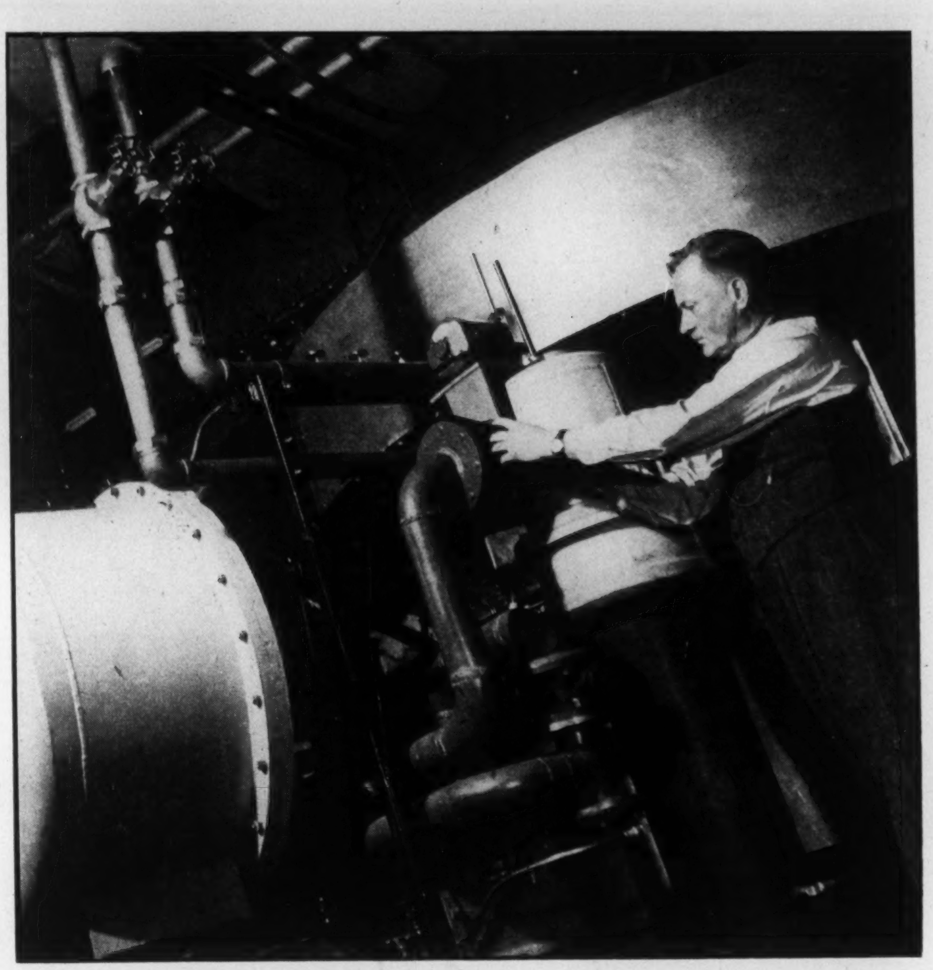
Lately, under Dr. F. Cyril James, principal and vice-chancellor, McGill has been building up those departments that are generally grouped under the heading "the humanities"— the classics, philosophy, history, literature and language.

Although there may be no essential conflict between the humanities and the physical sciences in their methods and ends, there has certainly been a tendency in many places for an institution to be strong in one and weak in the other. This is possibly the result of thinking like that of the famous Dr. Arnold of Rugby, who felt that Latin and Greek grammar and divinity were the only subjects that should be taught in schools. This restriction of knowledge and curiosity is certainly foreign to the true idea of a classical education, but it had its effect; English schoolboys came to refer to the physical sciences as "stinks" and an unnatural barrier sprang up between two disciplines which have common roots.

On the other hand, North American ideas swung away from any idea of a classical education, over to the view that universities ought to teach trades and professions rather than develop the intellect.

State legislators with a hand in the control

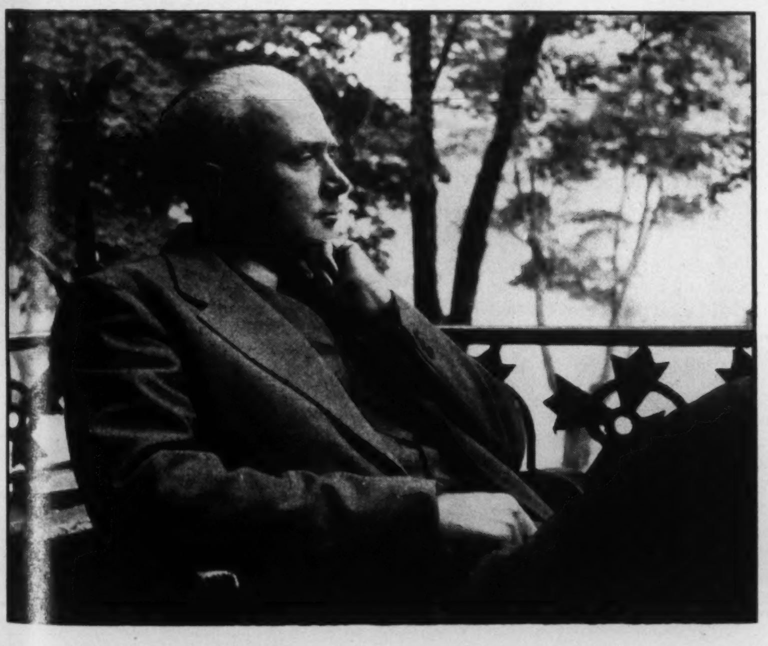
(Continued on page 19)



Dr. J. Stuart Foster makes an adjustment on the cyclotron, which he designed. The unit generates a 100,000,000 volt proton beam and breaks up atomic centres.

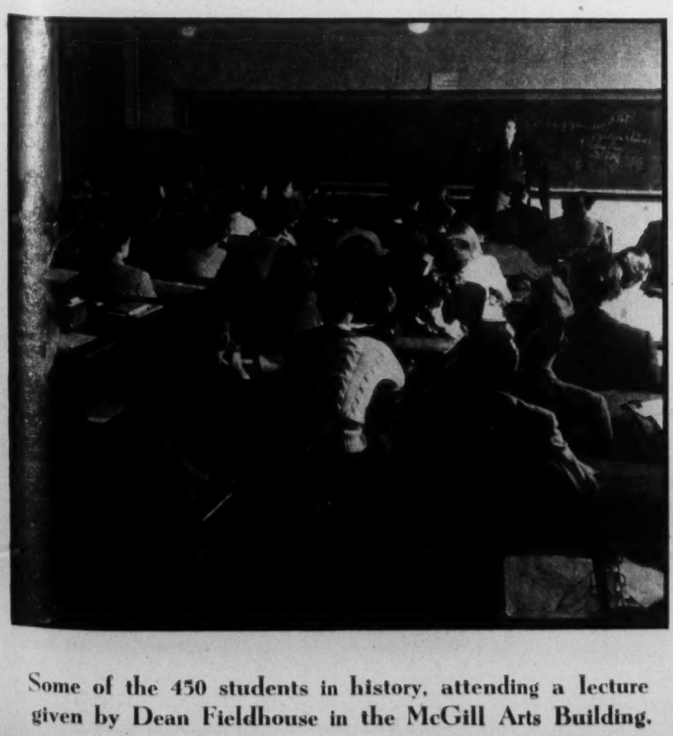
Prof. Roderick MacLennan of the Department of Philosophy and warden of Douglas Hall.

Richard Pennington, University Librarian, examines a rare volume. Library is overcrowded.



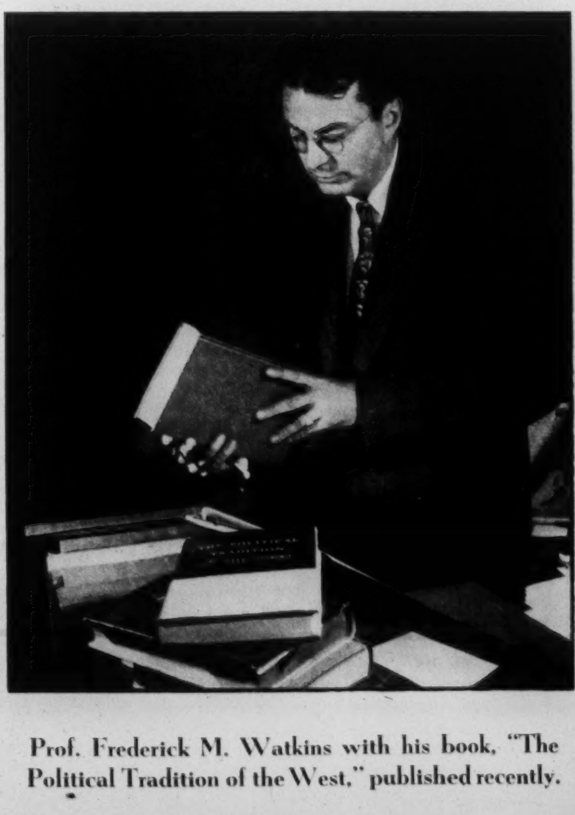
Dr. Forrest LaViolette, associate professor of sociology. His recent book, "The Canadian Japanese and World War II," is notable.

Dr. Bogdan Zaborski, visiting professor of geography, traces a weather map. He served in the Polish Army.



Some of the 450 students in history, attending a lecture given by Dean Fieldhouse in the McGill Arts Building.

Prof. J. E. L. Launay, chairman of the Department of Romance Languages, uses recordings extensively in the teaching of French.



Prof. Frederick M. Watkins with his book, "The Political Tradition of the West," published recently.

Ottawa View

More Steel For Defence

By WILFRID EGGLESTON

MODERN industrial nations like Canada are so dependent upon supplies of steel and steel products that the announcement last week from Rt. Hon. C. D. Howe's office here that the Canadian government had agreed to limit its imports of iron and steel from the United States to 200,000 tons during the fourth quarter of 1948 must have led a good many Canadians to ask themselves whether Canada's industrial expansion and massive construction program now well under way was threatened by U.S. rearmament plans; and if so, what Canada could do about it.

Some of the pertinent questions which immediately occur are these: what is the U.S. situation which has led to this curtailment in supply of steel to Canada; just how serious is the proposed reduction to 200,000 tons in the final quarter; what steps are being taken in Canada to meet the reduction; is the pinch a temporary one or likely to continue several years; does the situation warrant a further great expansion in Canada's steel industry on top of the sensational increase of the past seven or eight years?

The layman who undertakes to uncover the essentials of the steel situation in Canada at the present time soon finds himself involved in a welter of economic and political complexities, but a few of the more significant facts and trends can be disengaged without delay.

Arming Superimposed

The circumstances under which the United States has found it necessary to limit exports of iron and steel to all other countries, and now to suggest a voluntary arrangement between herself and Canada which will control the flow to this country, are so well known as to require little comment. The demands of ERP and the new rearmament program (the latter of which may demand as much as 7 million tons annually of a total production of between 90 and 100 million tons) have been superimposed on the greatest era of industrial activity in the history of the United States.

Canada has always relied upon the United States for a substantial—really a vital—portion of her needs in steel and steel products. Before the Second Great War she drew substantial amounts also from the United Kingdom and lesser quantities from Germany and a number of other countries. The latter have all disappeared for the time being as sources, and the United Kingdom almost so. Less than two per cent of Britain's present steel production is even potentially available for Canadian buyers.

That leaves the United States as the only outside source of any consequence for Canadian needs. Recent imports from across the border have been running at the rate of a million tons a year or about that. The new proposal limits the fourth quarter (1948) imports to 200,000 tons, or 800,000 tons a year.

This cut may be placed in its proper perspective by measuring what it means in terms of Canada's current consumption. Wartime expansion more than doubled Canada's steel capacity. Whereas before the war it was listed as about 1.5 million tons, it is now somewhat above 3 million tons. The current position would be presented with rough accuracy if it were said that Canada is consuming about 4 million tons of steel a year, of which the U.S. will be supplying, at the current import quota, about 800,000 tons, and Canadian production 3,200,000 tons.

Curtailment Not Serious

To offset part of the loss of say 200,000 tons in imports from the United States in 1949 it is hoped by the introduction of greater efficiencies of various kinds and closer cooperation between the large steel producers in Canada to improve Canadian production by 100,000 tons. Thus the net shortage as a result of the tight situation in the United States might be considered to be 100,000 tons, or 2½ per cent of total consumption.

Whether a restriction of these proportions is to be regarded as serious depends very much on the point of view. We are producing in Canada today more steel than we ever had available in any pre-war year from domestic production and imports combined. The consumption of steel is running today in Canada at a level about double what it was ten years ago. With that yardstick, the temporary curtailment of 2½ or even 5 per cent in supply may not seem serious.

But a more realistic assessment takes into account that this cut arrives at a time when demand is vast and still increasing. The stringency in the United States thus threatens to put something of a damper on the current industrial expansion in Canada and obviously calls for swift remedial action along all sane lines.

To make Canada self-sufficient in steel (at today's level of demands) would require at least two more large blast furnaces, large additional capacity in coke ovens, rolling mills, forging presses and other auxiliary plants—the equivalent, indeed, of a fair-sized additional industrial city. The erection of these would make heavy demands upon steel and other building materials and on labor and engineering techniques at a time when they are all in short supply. And no relief could be expected from this source for at least two years, during which the steps taken to provide additional steel production would make the situation somewhat worse.

Such an expansion offers, however, the only really adequate answer to a looming shortage of steel, if the current world trend continues. The prospects of improved supply from the United States, the United Kingdom or elsewhere appear dim. Canada's own capacity to consume steel has been raised to a new level by the industrial expansion of the past eight years. There are said to be a thousand new plants in Canada using steel, as compared with immediate pre-war years. And while some decline in the extraordinary level of private investment in Canada is to be expected, governments and public utilities have immense backlogs of programs awaiting some recession in private demand for steel.

New Spirit of Confidence

If a two-year program for adding a million tons a year productive capacity in Canada should coincide with a sharp decline in domestic demand, this country might soon be looking for external markets for surplus steel products. The memory of the speed with which an era of high activity and general shortage can be converted into a major recession and burdensome surpluses is too vivid in the mind of this generation to require much emphasis. But a new spirit of confidence in Canada's capacity to produce manufactured goods and meet on equal terms the competition of any country in the world (including the United States) has grown out of our war and postwar experiences. As Max Mackenzie, deputy minister of trade and commerce announced in Toronto last week, we are now selling things like typewriters, domestic washing machines and aircraft parts to the United States, and doing it over tariff walls and through customs regulations with all their irritations. Those who believe Canada should go on expanding its steel industry point out that despite the spectacular expansion in steel production which took place in the United States and Canada during the war, the total world production of steel today is probably no greater than it was in 1939. All the war-devastated countries need steel urgently and in the meantime, it should be added, the world population has risen by 200 million people.

A Good Investment

World demand for iron and steel and their products, under these circumstances, is likely to continue high for a long time to come. With Steep Rock and the new Quebec-Labrador finds of high-grade ore, with the union of Newfoundland (and its great Wabana mine) into the Dominion, and the tremendous industrial advancement in Canada during the past eight years, it may be the right time to shake off the timid mood which was induced in many Canadians by the depression of the 1930's, and move boldly forward toward still further industrial expansion.

The role which governments can play in such an expansion depends of course on the philosophy of the party in power. Presumably C.C.F. policy would suggest the operation of the iron and steel industry by a public corporation. Liberal or Conservative administrations at Ottawa and in the provincial capitals will go no further than a mild paternalism. There are a great many things which governments could legitimately do, within the framework of the capitalistic system, to encourage further expansion in the Canadian iron and steel industry.

Since steel is the sinews of defence as much as of peaceful industry, there may be another and even more compelling reason why the current shortage should result in a much more imaginative approach toward the problem. The expansion of the steel capacity of North America looks like a good investment right now for many reasons, and part of this expansion ought to be undertaken north of the Great Lakes.

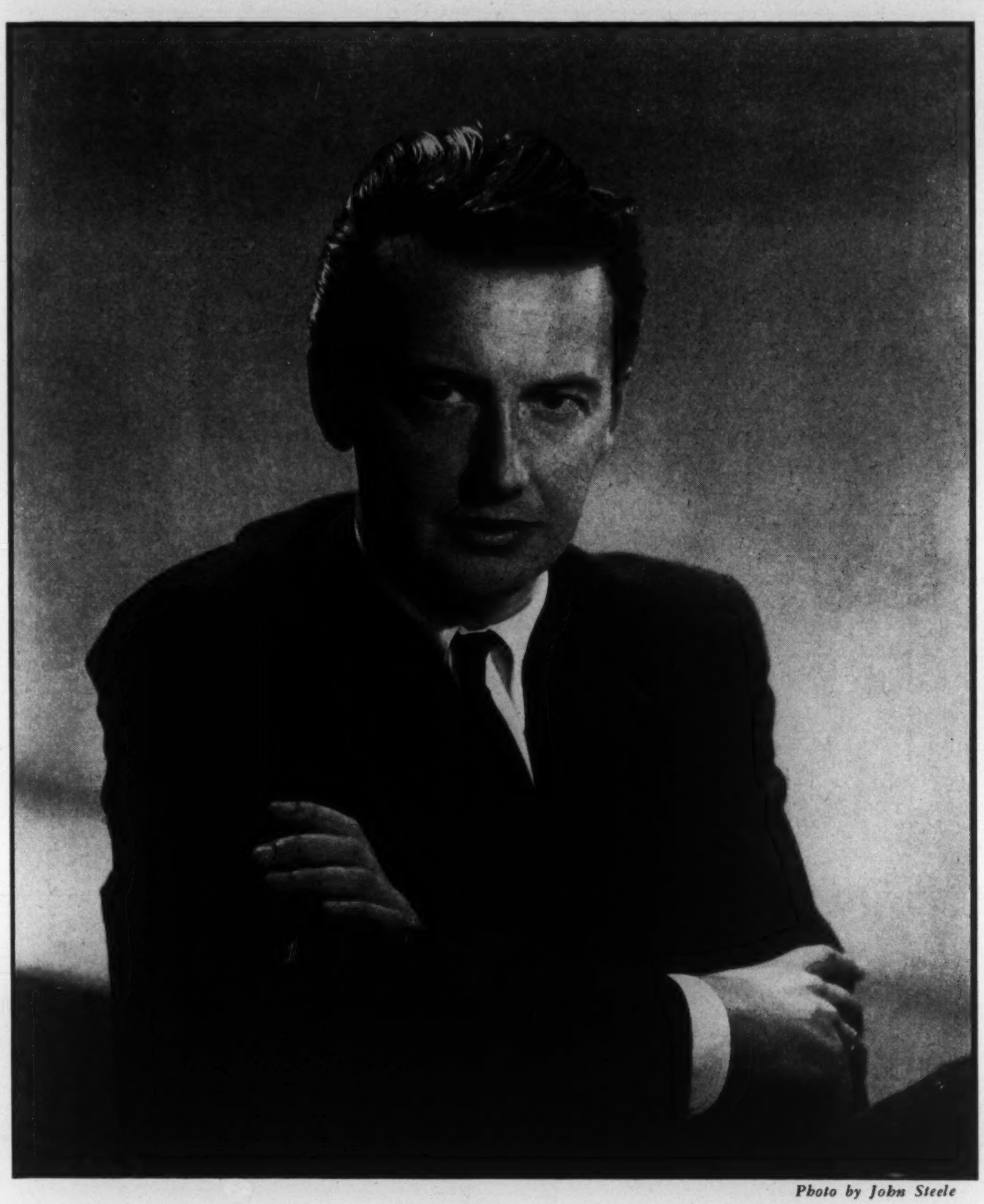


Photo by John Steele

Life in Communist countries is difficult for musicians. Last month Bela Boszormenyi-Nagy, noted pianist and faculty member of Budapest's Franz Liszt Academy, flew from Hungary to Canada. Now he is on the staff of Royal Conservatory of Music of Toronto.

Passing Show

THE Hamilton Lions will not sponsor th Miss Canada show next summer. It wil cause us no distress if the Miss Canada shows miss Canada altogether.

•

United Church ministers are to get a mini mum wage of $2,200 a year plus a free house worth possibly another $440. At a 44-hour week that equals $1.20 per hour. The average wage in Canadian coal mines is $1.26 per hour, bu a coal miner's wife doesn't have to work fo anybody except her husband.

•

Leslie Roberts says the average Russian is behind Stalin. He'd better be, as any average Russian who tried to get in front of Stalin would soon find out.

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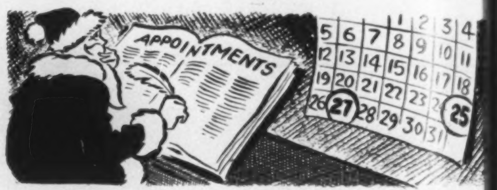
New Zealand is to celebrate Christmas on December 27, and we hope that Santa Claus gets overtime pay at the proper rate.



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London, Ont., has authorized "supervised spooning" in the parks, which is all right except that there ain't no sich animal.

•

The Necessary Audience

We've just begun to understand a
Most vital fact: that it's no use
Directing floods of propaganda
To any but a proper goose.

•

Pity the poor Londoners (Eng.). After years of cocktails without alcohol and bread without butter, they are now being given ballet without music and without stage decor.

•

The American voters are said to be apathetic about the election. They realize that no matter whom they elect Mr. Vishinsky will go on talking.

•

"This is now easily done because a dollar is now a dollar because it is a dollar and for no other reason."—Montreal *Gazette*.

Yes, just as a rose is a rose is a rose.

•

Lucy says she knew the Conservatives would eventually come out for bigger baby bonuses. They have always stood for protecting home industry.

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THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY
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Authorized as second class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa.

Printed and published by
CONSOLIDATED PRESS LIMITED
73 Richmond Street W., Toronto 1, Canada
MONTREAL .... Birks Bldg
VANCOUVER .... 815 W. Hastings St
NEW YORK .... Room 512, 101 Park Ave
E. R. Milling, Business Manager; C. T. Croucher, Assistant Business Manager; J. F. Foy, Circulation Director.

Vol. 64, No. 4 Whole No. 2897

The Front Page

(*Continued from Page One*)

contest lies in the fact that they may not have concealed that opposition sufficiently well. The Common Man has been told ever since the Hoover regime that this is his Era with a capital E, and that the New Deal was what made it his Era; and if he gets the idea that Mr. Dewey represents the kind of people who will take his Era away from him he will vote for Mr. Truman, who is at least the ostensible heir of the people who gave him his Era.

Probably, however, the Common Man will not get that idea until after Mr. Dewey has been in office for a year or two, and if Mr. Dewey is both a strong and a sensible President he will never get it at all, for the Republican party in power will in that event act on the assumption that most of the New Deal was inevitable no matter what party was in power—just as our own Conservatives have now admitted that baby bonuses and other items of our Canadian New Deal were inevitable and must be continued.

Our Police

IT IS interesting to see springing up, in many Canadian towns and cities, a new crop of policemen. During the war recruitment of police officers was difficult and slow, but after the war a large number of ex-service men went into this branch of the public service. Some of them have not yet settled down. There are occasional unfortunate events like the one that took place in Toronto where two recruits used strong-arm methods on an innocent person. On the whole, however, the new men seem efficient and sufficiently good looking, many of them, to qualify as Mounties in Hollywood.

Other countries have had greater trouble in recruiting police since the war. We have just come across a report on the situation in Finland. For a time the Finns had a Communist as Minister of the Interior. Now he is gone, and a committee has been investigating what he left behind.

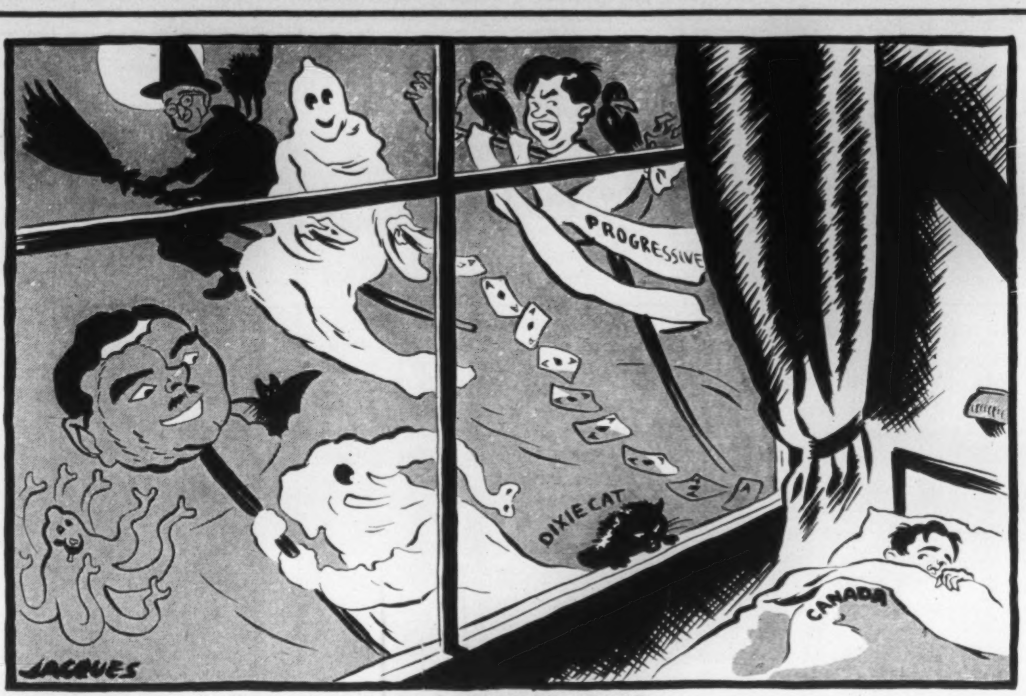
They have made some remarkable discoveries. Almost all the new recruits in the central government's police are political appointments from the extreme left, and most of them are incompetent to carry out their duties. Nobody, however, could claim that they were inexperienced. Nearly half of them have criminal records and in quite a number of cases their crime is treason.

Campaign of Hatred

ON THE second page of the Foreword to his “Home From the Cold Wars” (Reginald Saunders, $3.25) Mr. Leslie Roberts says: “Americans may not know it and Russians may not know it, but the peoples of the lesser nations are sick and weary of the power politics of both”. That is the keynote of the book; that is the attitude of mind of Mr. Roberts; that is the quality which, to our mind, makes a rather dangerous book out of what is certainly a clever and perhaps even a brilliant one.

Mr. Roberts goes on to speak of “the network of falsehood which each Great Power has fashioned in its campaign of hatred against the other”. Whatever falsehood may have been propagated by Russia in its campaign of hatred against the United States has doubtless in a very real sense been “fashioned” by that Great Power itself, for one does not propagate anything in Russia that the authorities of Russia do not approve of. But while a lot of falsehood has doubtless also been propagated in the United States against Russia, we doubt whether any of it can properly be described as having been “fashioned” by the Great Power itself—the government of the United States—or as representing any “hatred” other than that of the individuals, usually private and sometimes unimportant, who happen to have propagated it.

Part of the network of falsehood, in Mr. Roberts’ opinion, is Mr. Igor Gouzenko, whom Mr. Roberts describes as “a traitor to the Soviet Union, a servant who stole secret documents from his own government for the purpose of arming himself with the making of a profitable deal”. Mr. Roberts is entitled to his own estimate of the character of Mr. Gouzenko, but he should not omit to mention that any hatred of Russia resulting from his actions was due entirely to the fact that they revealed the Russian government as carrying on, behind the shelter of the Russian Embassy, systematic operations for corrupting the sworn servants and stealing the military secrets of the Canadian government.



ELECTION EVE

“The hard core of Kremlin world policy”, as described by Mr. Roberts, is “to sit back and wait for capitalism and democratic socialism to collapse”. If that were all that there is to the policy it would be a highly legitimate one and nobody could feel called upon for any hatred about it. Unfortunately the Kremlin does not sit back and wait; it strives by every means in its power—nearly all of them illegitimate by all democratic standards—to ensure that capitalism and democratic socialism shall collapse, by undermining the foundations of mutual confidence and respect between different economic classes, upon which alone can capitalism and even democratic socialism be carried on. Failure of the Marshall Plan, says Mr. Roberts, is “predicted”, which is a nice kind way of putting it, much like saying that a man with a box of matches, a can of gasoline and a pile of shavings is “predicting” a fire. When the Plan has failed “violence, bloodshed and civil strife will follow and Communism will take over. All this has been said as clearly as Hitler exposed his intentions and prophecies in *Mein Kampf*. Uncle Joe . . . can afford to wait, prodding and annoying his opponents often enough to keep them constantly off balance.”

Well, we in Canada are among Uncle Joe’s opponents, and we do not like being prodded and kept off balance, and we do not like a Kremlin world policy which not only awaits, but actually and very vigorously and cleverly tries to produce, “violence, bloodshed and civil strife” for the sole purpose of enabling Communism to take over. In fact we hate it; and if that proves that Canada, a Middle Power, is also fashioning a campaign of hatred against one of the two Great Powers we can’t help it.

The Four Frenchmen

WE QUITE agree with French Ambassador Gay that if the four French alleged collaborationists now taking refuge in Quebec had a delicate sense of honor they would wish to return to France and either clear their names or take the consequences of their deeds by submitting to the judgment of their country’s courts. That however is not the question which Canada has to decide. That question is whether Canada has sufficient ground for lacking confidence in French justice, to justify her in refusing to send them back against their will. No other reason, as we see it, can be advanced for such refusal. If the French government makes an official demand for them, it should be assured that, if it makes such a demand, they will be returned.

If the French government makes no demand, the matter is a purely internal one for Canada and we see no reason for any excitement about it. It is true that these men entered the country under false passports, that we usually expel persons who have committed that irregularity, and that we recently expelled certain unfortunates whom a great many Canadians would have liked to see retained here. But this paper does not share the idea that everybody who commits some breach of regulations in entering Canada should automatically be thrown out, and if the granting of the right to remain by means of an order-in-council establishes a new precedent we think it is probably a good precedent and should have been established earlier. That the government was foolish in trying to keep the order-in-council secret is true, but has very little to do with the main issue.

Bodyguards

AMERICANS who want to be specially polite to us Canadians sometimes tell us that they really cannot find any difference at all when they cross the international frontier into our country. But there is one American who is never likely to say this. We refer to Governor Warren of California who will probably be the next Vice-President of the United States. His campaign tour took him to Niagara Falls, and when he crossed the bridge into Canada his bodyguards had to leave their pistols with the Canadian officials at the border.

As far as we know, Canadian politicians seldom feel the need of bodyguards. Even such a much-hated character as Mr. Mackenzie King has been known to pass the *Globe and Mail* offices with no protection at all—merely wondering whether someone up above was likely to drop a brick.

Books for Conservatives

WE HAVE recently come across two books for conservatives, one bad and the other good. The bad book is American. Of course the Americans labor under a handicap in regard to the subject because, while there are lots of conservatives in the United States, there are no Conservatives. There is no party that proudly proclaims that it is Conservative and that preaches the fine old political and moral principles of conservatism. As a result, people who are of a conservative turn of mind get little spiritual comfort in these days; some of them are actually persuaded by the gentlemen on the left that a conservative cannot have a social conscience. This, of course, is quite untrue; indeed, as a glance at history shows, it is almost the reverse of the truth.

The bad book is called “How to be Popular Though Conservative” (Van Nostrand, $3) and its authors, Clark and Rimanoczy, seem apologetic in their very title. (We can think of others like it: “How to be Popular Though a Leper”; or “How to Make People Think You Are Nicer than You Are”.) It is full of sage advice for the frightened business man. It tells him what arguments to use if he happens to tangle with a red, or even if he happens to get into conversation with one of his own employees. For instance, he is advised to dismiss social security as “unimportant because there is very little money involved: the maximum old age benefit of $84 per month (in U.S.A.) is not much ‘security’ for an aged couple.” We would advise tired business men to have a good laugh over the cartoons in the book and not worry about the rest.

The good book is an autobiography of a British Tory M.P., Robert Boothby, and it is called “I Fight to Live” (Gollancz, $5.75). While Mr. Boothby is not of the same stature as Mr. Churchill, both have been vigorous and at times rebellious members of the Conservative party. While Mr. Churchill’s “The Gathering Storm” deals primarily with Britain’s external affairs, Mr. Boothby’s book is primarily about domestic matters, including the rise to power of the Labor Party. He says:

“The obsession of the rank and file of the Labor Party with ‘nationalization’ is understandable, because it has been their platform parrot-cry for thirty years. It is none the less foolish and can lead them to nothing but sterility. Apart from this, they are curiously bankrupt of ideas.” He goes on to remind his readers that the great advance in the British educational system during the war was largely the work of a Conservative, R. A. Butler, and that most of the British social security system’s postwar developments were based on a document produced under the Churchill regime—the Beveridge Report.

British Prices

ONE of our chief difficulties in getting more goods from Britain, and so bringing a better balance in our trade with the old country, is the high prices charged by many British exporters. Canadians simply refuse to pay the prices that they ask, and our representatives urge them to cut their prices down to a more reasonable level.

Britishers are wont to reply that high prices are only relative, that by world wide standards it is Canadian prices that are low rather than British prices that are high, and that it is up to us to pay their high prices if we want to get their goods.

An interesting sidelight on this argument comes from an article in the *Manchester Guardian* by their Australian correspondent. Apparently British prices are out of line in Australia too. A pair of British shoes costs £4 to £5; a comparable shoe, of only slightly lower quality but made in Australia, costs only £2 to £3 and is thus within the means of most Australians. A suit made of British cloth costs £22 or more; made of Australian cloth it costs £16 to £18. And so forth.

It looks as if British prices were too high viewed from Australia as well as Canada. Depreciation of the pound sterling would relieve this situation; and while there are still very strong arguments against it the case for it is growing steadily.

A Remarkable Report

AS far as the rest of Canada is concerned, the importance of the Reavis report on Winnipeg’s system of public education lies in its scope and method rather than in its recommendations.

It was directed by Professor William C. Reavis of the University of Chicago, but the spadework was done by a large number of Winnipeg men and women—a central committee, seven main committees, 70 sub-committees, and many other helpers. It thus takes on the nature of a community enterprise rather than an ex-cathedra judgment by an outside expert.

Some of the work will bear direct results—for instance the detailed study of the trends in child-population for the coming ten years and the resulting recommendations for new schools and classrooms to meet the changing and rapidly growing needs. Other parts of it are not so likely to bear fruit—for instance the suggestion that some administrative or elective body should “screen” candidates for election as school trustees in order to weed out in advance of elections those who are unfit for office (a suggestion that strikes us as undemocratic in the extreme). But the most important and useful feature of the whole affair is the courageous self-searching that has gone on and the great stimulus to interest in education that will result. Winnipeg can teach lessons to most of the rest of Canada about the basic meaning of the word citizenship.

DULCE ET DECORUM EST

WE HAVE his picture in a book of snaps
The way he looked in August, ’seventeen,
Laughingly confident, and, oh, so keen
To put an end to European scraps;
A bit of an idealist perhaps.
Amid the stench of smoke and gasoline
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But not so busy we neglect our debts
To our defenders, giving, as we do,
An annual two minutes of our time.

J. E. P.

The Cost Of Leaving Commonwealth May Be Too High For The Irish

By J. A. STEVENSON

The Prime Minister of Eire, Mr. Costello, was not invited to the Conference of Commonwealth Prime Ministers in London. This is because, except for certain formal diplomatic uses, Eire does not pay allegiance to the British Crown, but considers itself a republic. Mr. Costello has announced that he intends to sever completely the remaining ties.

J. A. Stevenson outlines the legal position of Eire in this matter, and argues that there can be no doubt that Eire has the right to leave the Commonwealth. He suggests that the cost of leaving may well outweigh the advantages. He tells also how Dominion status was first suggested by John W. Dafoe, then editor of the Winnipeg *Free Press*.

For many years Canadian correspondent of the London *Times*. Mr. Stevenson is well-known to SATURDAY NIGHT readers for previous articles on Commonwealth subjects.

THE Prime Ministers' Conference, which was nearing an end in London last week, has been tackling some thorny problems about constitutional, strategic and economic relationships within the Commonwealth. But one of the most difficult has been the relation of Eire to the rest of the British Commonwealth.*

There were strong grounds for the assumption that Mr. Costello, the eminent lawyer who is now Premier of Eire, took the opportunity during his recent visit to Canada to discuss the problem with Prime Minister King and some of his colleagues.

The present position is that Eire is half in and half out of the Commonwealth. The arrangement made in the treaty of 1921 was repudiated by Mr. De Valera and since his regime began, Eire has been a free republic, which has full control of its domestic affairs, takes its own line in foreign policy, and elected to remain neutral during World War II. But, although it is a republic, whose citizens have formally severed all bonds of allegiance to the British Crown, it has remained informally associated with the British Commonwealth, of which the Crown is the connecting link.

However, the Prime Minister of Eire was not invited to attend the conference of Dominion Prime Ministers in London. That is nothing new, as Mr. De Valera kept clear of such conferences and only sent representatives to the Imperial Economic Conference in Ottawa in 1932. Mr. Costello was probably glad not to be invited as he is the head of a motley coalition of five parties, including a republican faction, who could not possibly countenance any closer cooperation with the hated British.

But while the royal prerogative is no longer operative for general purposes within the bounds of Eire, a fractional exercise of royal authority survives by virtue of a statute styled "The Executive Authority (External Relations) Act", which was passed by the administration of Mr. De Valera in 1936 and today forms the only link binding Eire to the British Commonwealth of Nations. The initial clauses of this Act provide that the diplomatic and consular representatives of Saorstat Eireann (the Irish Free State) shall be appointed by the authority of its Executive Council; they are followed by this clause:

"It is hereby declared and enacted that so long as Saorstat Eireann is associated with the following nations, Australia, Canada, Great Britain, New Zealand and South Africa, and so long as the King is recognized by those nations as the symbol of their cooperation and continues to act on behalf of each of these nations (on the advice of the several governments thereof) for the purpose of the appointment of diplomatic and consular representatives, the King so recognized may and is hereby authorized to act, on behalf of Saorstat Eireann for the like purposes as and when advised by the Executive Council to do so."

Farcical Hypocrisy

Here then is the paradox: King George VI performs the function of standing sponsor with credentials for officials of a republic, whose citizens have repudiated all allegiance to him. However at a press conference at Ottawa Mr. Costello intimated that his government was contemplating the repeal of this External Relations Act. When it was submitted to the Dail, it was strongly opposed by the opposition, then led by ex-Premier Cosgrave, of which Mr. Costello was an active member. They took the line that it was a farcical piece of hypocrisy to wipe out the royal prerogative and the office of Governor General and then proceed to revive the former in a limited degree, when it was useful for a special purpose. So Mr. Costello can argue that for the sake of consistency he must repeal the Act. His Minister for External Affairs, Sean MacBride, is an unrepentant republican and, therefore, is pledged to the abolition of the last vestiges of allegiance to the British Crown.

Consequences Will Flow

But from the repeal of the External Relations Act, there will inevitably flow consequences, of which an able lawyer like Mr. Costello cannot be ignorant. Since Eire is formally, if very loosely, associated with the Commonwealth, the governments of Britain and the other Dominions have continued to treat natives of Eire as enjoying the privilege of citizenship in the Commonwealth. They have, for instance, been allowed to acquire the franchise in other overseas parts of the Commonwealth on the same terms as immigrants from England and Scotland do. But if the government of Eire, by the repeal of this statute, severs the last formal link with the Commonwealth, the citizens of Eire will no longer be able to claim the benefits of the privileges that attach to membership in the Commonwealth.

The governments of Britain and the overseas Dominions will be fully within their rights, if, after the final severance of all ties, they treat natives of Eire as aliens, and compel them, when they emigrate to any part of the Commonwealth, to submit to the same disabilities and inconveniences which are the lot of aliens. In Britain, for instance, today all aliens have to register, but not people from Eire.

Furthermore, Eire, as an informal member of the Commonwealth is the beneficiary of valuable trade preferences conceded by other units of the Commonwealth. But the minute that

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*For a story on the the Commonwealth Conference by SATURDAY NIGHT'S London financial correspondent, John L. Marston, see Page 35.

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Free Press Weekly
*PRAIRIE FARMER

The King and Queen gave a dinner party for the ministers attending the recent conference on Commonwealth problems. Photographed in the Throne Room of Buckingham Palace are (l. to r.) Sir Godfrey Huggins (S. Rhodesia), D. S. Senanayake (Ceylon), Liaquat Ali Khan (Pakistan), H. V. Evatt (Australia), the King, Clement Attlee (United Kingdom), Norman Robertson (Canada), E. H. Louw (S. Africa), Peter Fraser (New Zealand) and Jawaharlal Nehru (India).

she ceases to have any legal ties with the Commonwealth, these benefits will be forfeited. If Eire, having become a foreign country in relation to the Commonwealth, were to continue getting the benefit of trade preferences, then the United States and other foreign countries would lose no time in asserting under most favored nation clauses in trade treaties their right to be placed on the same footing as Ireland in regard to trade. The whole structure of preferences would be wrecked. Possibly Mr. Costello thinks that somehow or other he can both keep his cake and eat it; he must be very optimistic if he expects that the other British nations will regard the severance of Eire's last tie with the Commonwealth as a harmless gesture.

(The dropping of the word "British" from the official designation of the British Commonwealth of Nations, as evident in the conference communique last week, may satisfy Eire's wish to continue partnership with other Dominions while wanting complete freedom from the British Crown.)

The Case for Severance

But there can be no effective challenge to the right of the government of Eire to sever its last formal link with the British Commonwealth of Nations. In his interesting autobiographical book, entitled "In the Camp of Smuts", the late Basil K. Long, who played a very prominent role in South African journalism and politics for many years, has thrown some very illuminating light upon the problem of the constitutional status and rights of the Dominions. During the sharp political crisis, which developed at Cape Town in the fall of 1939 about South Africa's participation in the late war, Mr. Long, a member of the South African party in the Union Parliament, strongly supported Field-Marshal Smuts's policy of an immediate declaration of war upon Germany but also defended vigorously the right of General Hertzog, then Prime Minister, to follow the precedent set by Eire's government.

The economic consequences of Eire's withdrawal from Commonwealth will make Mr. Costello's government ponder carefully plans for severance.

In his book Long claims he was a witness of and a helper at the *accouchement* of Dominion status. When Geoffrey Dawson, the editor of the Johannesburg *Star*, was appointed editor of the *Times* of London in 1913, he induced Long, an Englishman by birth, to return from South Africa and serve as his Dominions' editor. He was holding this post in 1917, when he received an unexpected invitation to lunch from Sir Robert Borden, who was in London as Canada's representative in the Imperial War Cabinet. Long tells how, at this luncheon Borden disclosed to him that he and other Prime Ministers of the Dominions had reached the conclusion that in view of the immense contribution which their countries had made to the common war effort against Germany and her allies, and their desire to have some real voice in the making of peace, they could no longer accept the status of subordinate colonies.

He proceeded to reveal his intention to demand the free concession of a new status as autonomous Dominions for the self-governing colonies owning allegiance to the British Crown. He regretted the inability of John W. Dafoe, the editor of the Winnipeg *Free Press*, whom he had brought to London in the role of special adviser, to be present at the luncheon. Dafoe was, according to Borden, the real originator of the plan of Dominion status; he could have given a clearcut outline of it.

Long, who had lived in South Africa and was a liberal in his views, was wholly sympathetic to the proposals and, when he reported the gist of his conversation with Borden to his editor, Geoffrey Dawson, advocated their endorsation by the *Times*. Discussions followed with Lord Milner and other British Ministers and as a result the *Times* gave strong editorial support to the projected change in imperial relations. Among the Dominions' representatives in the Imperial War Cabinet, Borden found Smuts, who was deputizing for General Botha, an enthusiastic ally. Hughes of Australia and Massey of New Zealand, who were both old fashioned imperialists, were at first very lukewarm to the idea and had to be converted. After the opposition of reactionary elements in Britain was overcome the deed was done, The colonies were transformed into Dominions.

Dominion citizens were to possess exactly the same rights, no more and no less, as the citizens of Britain had won for themselves through the generations. Long argues in his book that the acquisition of Dominion status conferred upon its possessors the right to secede from the Commonwealth, if such a course was the will of a majority of people in a Dominion, and to remain neutral in war.

If Long, who was editor of the *Cape Times*, the leading paper of South Africa from 1921 to 1934, were alive today, he would certainly defend the right of Eire or South Africa to withdraw from the Commonwealth, although he would also deplore such action. But it is often injudicious and unprofitable to insist upon a strict exercise of legal rights. The government of Eire will have to ponder carefully whether the consequences of complete withdrawal from the Commonwealth will not be so serious in economic and other fields that the game will not be worth the candle.

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WASHINGTON LETTER

If Dewey Wins He Will Flounder On Promised Reforms: Democrats

By JAY MILLER

Washington.

IF THE outcome of next Tuesday's Presidential election needs any additional confirmation, here are two more signs that Thomas E. Dewey is the 100 to 1 shot to win: Hottest topic for argument among newspapermen in the politics-laden atmosphere of the National Press Club is whether Dewey will be "in" for four or eight years. And the Club's Election Pool is based entirely on how many electoral votes the New Yorker will get (inferring, of course, that President Truman may not get enough to count).

Reporters who followed the President almost right up to voting time declare that even if he is snowed under, Mr. Truman will have achieved all that he set out to do. That, according to these reliable observers, was "to revitalize the Democratic party." To all intents and persons, the party virtually fell apart under his tenure as President, but it was headed for disaster long before the late President Roosevelt passed from the scene. In their opinion, Truman has rallied the party, in its darkest hour, into a unified political unit that can rebuild for victory in the years to come.

New Deal Democrats who have conceded the election to Dewey are divided on how long the Republican Party can stay in power. Those who give Dewey only one term in office say that he will win the election with such close margins in the Senate and House that he will be precisely in the same position as Truman was on legislation: he will be absolutely unable to get his promised reforms through Congress, powerless to deal with inflation, to enact any form of price control, or to solve the critical shortage of housing because of reactionary opposition to public housing.

"Watch Him Suffer"

Democrats who don't expect him to hold office more than four years take this satisfaction from his expected victory: "Let's watch him suffer. He asked for it. He has promised all sorts of New Deal reforms, now let's watch him flounder just like Truman."

Those who see Dewey a victor again in 1952 for a second four-year term, believe that the vast Rearmament Program and the Marshall Plan will continue to bolster American prosperity, assuring future acceptance of the Republican cause by American voters.

Democratic politicians all along the route of the President's campaign train have been the first to confide in the ears of reporters that they didn't think he had a chance. This was their conviction even where welcoming crowds were largest and enthusiasm for the Democratic Party seemed sincere and vote-worthy. Party strategists, nevertheless, gave their Chief credit for having set in motion a trend away from Dewey and toward Mr. Truman. If the campaign were to run until Thanksgiving, they believe the President would have been certain to take the election.

Mr. Truman may have pared down the anticipated Dewey landslide of popular votes but there is doubt that he has made any inroads into a predicted top-heavy electoral vote for the G.O.P. It is the electoral college that decides who will be president.

The President is given credit for having made a deep impression on the large crowds that heard him on most of his campaign travels. They found him human. They may not have concurred in what he said but they enjoyed his ready attacks on the Republican party and the Republican-controlled Congress. He amazed the reporters who accompanied him with his phenomenal stamina throughout the campaign. Rising at 5.30, he frequently spoke at stop after stop right through until after midnight. He exhausted the entire press corps, many of them half his age, yet managed to keep to the grind day after day, appearing fit and chipper as usual. The President has benefitted by his role of the little David, hurling his verbal slingshots at the Goliath of entrenched Republican wealth and political power.

He Fought Alone

The public is also aware that Mr. Truman has made his fight almost alone. His cabinet family, willing enough to ride along with him when he was in power, has failed to campaign for him, excepting for the latest appointee, Maurice Tobin, Secretary of Labor. Truman's immediate advisers are most amused by the failure of Interior Secertary Julius Krug to come to his aid. Krug is supposed to be campaigning for Truman out west on water power and reclamation, which are under his department. Yet there hasn't been word in the newspapers about this silent campaign for Truman. Ex-Interior Secretary Harold L. Ickes came out in curmudgeon style to do battle for the President with whom he split so violently.

The early Alaska election returns gave the Democrats control of both Houses in the Territorial Legislature, completely reversing the Republican trend of the past two years. Alaska elections for 30 years have been an accurate forecast of the national vote.

Dewey has managed to conduct his campaign on a generally high plane, barring of course such incidents as his criticism of the railroad engineer who backed his train into a "rear-platform crowd" as a lunatic who should be shot at sunrise. His deliberately staged and carefully-planned campaign appears to be what the doctor ordered to win the election, if all the forecasts are right, yet his campaign has failed to make Dewey the Man any more popular as a person.

The most dependable surveys come to this conclusion: There are 531 electoral votes all told. Conservative estimates have given Dewey far more than the 266 votes of the electoral college necessary to make him the next President of the United States. The second consideration—if it is second—is control of Congress, and this is where Republicans are still worried. The election of President Truman—remote as that might appear at this time—would probably also give him the House and the Senate, bring the Democrats out of the stalemate that has stymied Mr. Truman since the Congressional election of 1946.

Election of Dewey is expected to mean continuance of a Republican House. The party now has a material House majority. Counting out the five vacancies, there are 246 Republican seats, 187 Democrats, and two American Labor Party. Only a terrific Republican sweep is expected to increase this G.O.P. lead. The Senate is now extremely close, with 51 Republican and 45 Democratic seats.

In the closing days of his campaign, Mr. Truman made an all-out bid to recover some of his lost Southern Democratic support and to win back some of the Liberals who had deserted to Henry Wallace.

The Progressive party's strong Moscow taint caused it to slip heavily and the Dead Duck is regarded as

(Continued on Page 40)

Genial Governor Earl Warren, G.O.P. vice-presidential candidate, has played big role in gaining support of western states for Republicans.

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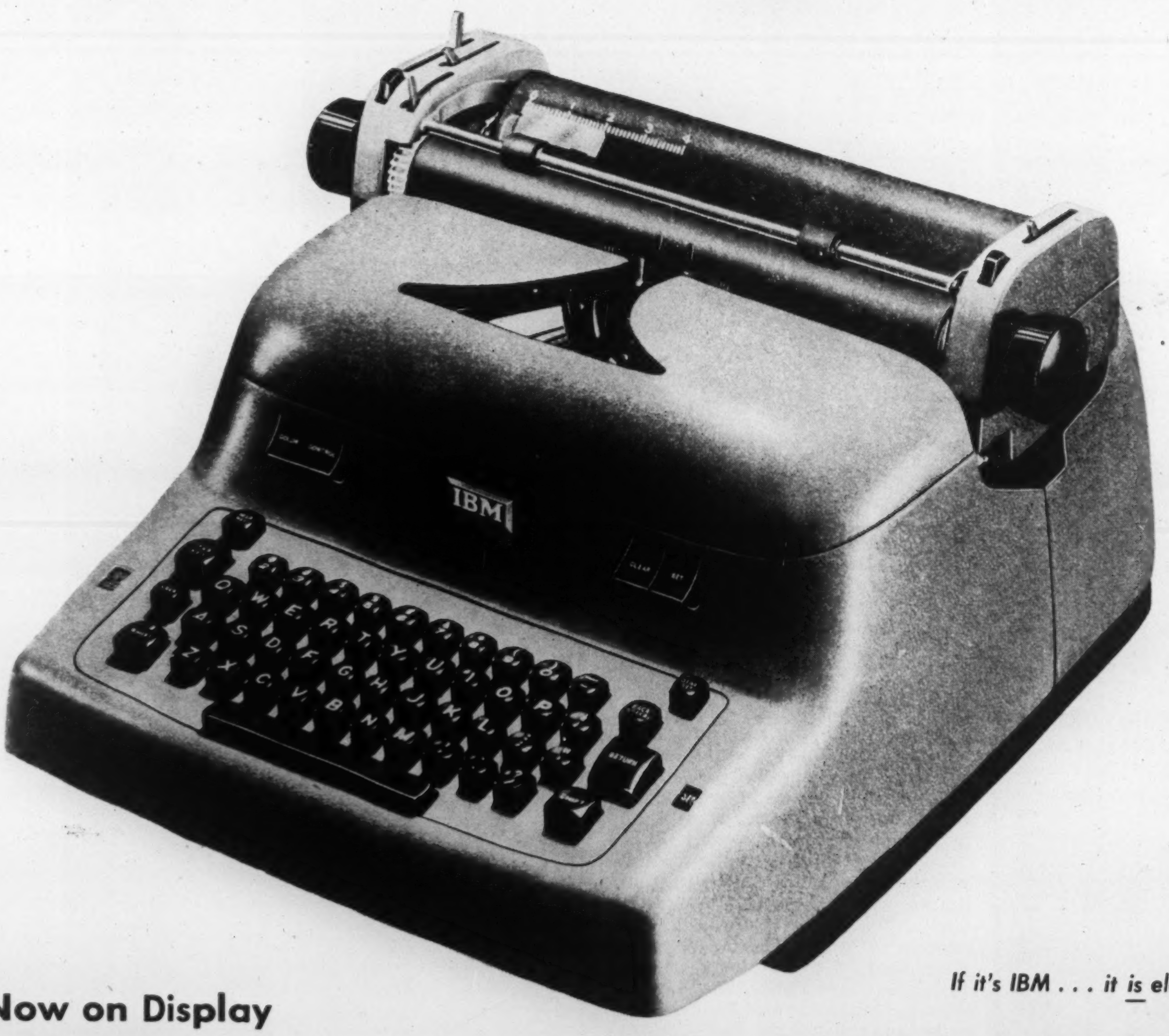

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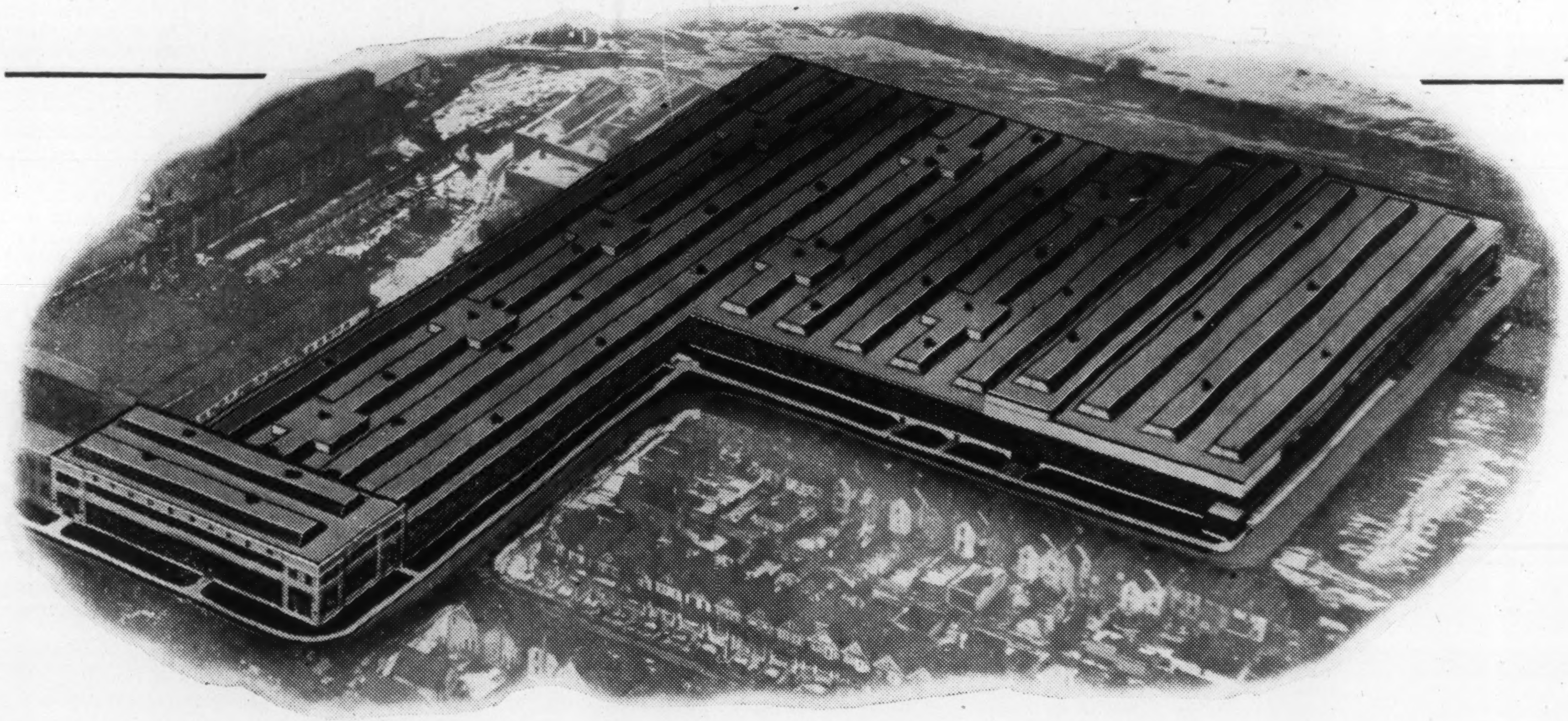

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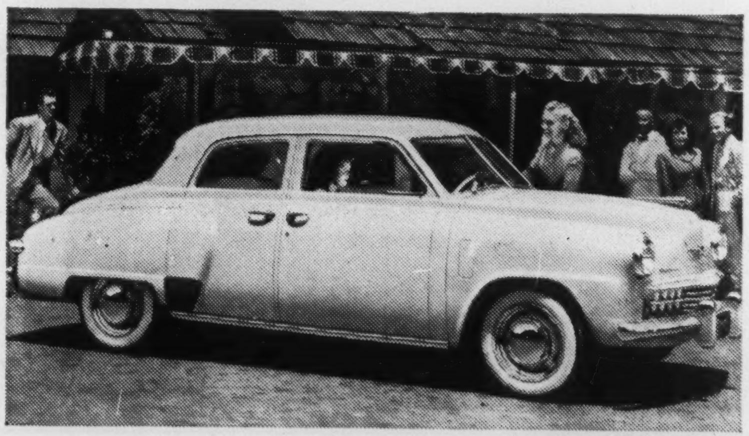

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LIGHTER SIDE

Get Tough with the Human Race

By MARY LOWREY ROSS

THE scene is the back porch residence of Mr. and Mrs. Housefly. Mr. Housefly is just returning home very late, flying waveringly and low. He makes a bad landing on his tail.

Mrs. Housefly (acidly): I see you've been hitting the DDT again.

Mr. Housefly: No, honestly, I just stopped for a quick one at the corner and came right on home.

Mrs. Housefly: What do you mean a quick one? (She advances, sniffing.) A quick one you could hang your hat on.

Mr. Housefly: Ah, look dear, why don't you stop acting like a human being for once? Just because you don't enjoy the stuff yourself you don't want anyone else to have any fun.

Mrs. Housefly: Who says I don't enjoy the stuff? I can take a shot of the ten per cent and handle it like a lady. But not you. Oh, no! With you it's always "Come on, boys, and the next round of DDT is on me." You're the kind that ought to lay off the stuff completely.

Mr. Housefly (with dignity): You've got me all wrong. I can take it or I can leave it alone.

Mrs. Housefly: You can't leave it alone and you can't take it either. I saw the condition you landed home in last night. Disgraceful.

Mr. Housefly: What do you mean the condition I landed home in last night?

Mrs. Housefly: I saw you. I haven't got eyes in the back of my head for nothing.

Mr. Housefly: Listen, I spent the whole evening at a mass meeting to discuss preventive measures to be taken against the aggressive and war-mongering attitude of the human race. You can ask Shoo-fly if you want to. Here he comes now.

Mrs. Housefly: Shoo-fly, that stumblebum?

SHOO-FLY approaches, buzzing importantly.

Mrs. Housefly (sourly): Hello, stranger, where've you been the last five minutes?

Shoo-fly: Hi, folks, did you hear the news? I've got it from absolutely reliable sources that the human race is losing confidence in the effectiveness of DDT. The National Pest Control Association says that DDT is slipping because the insect world is building up resistance to it.

Mr. Housefly: Where'd you get that?

Shoo-fly: I was browsing through the garbage at the corner and I saw it on one of the newspaper wrappings.

Mrs. Housefly: Resistance, eh? You two have got about as much resistance to DDT as Junior has to strawberry jam. (To Shoo-fly, indicating Mr. Housefly) You knew about him, didn't you? He's the one they name bar-flies after.

Shoo-fly: Listen, Ma'am, I think you're taking the wrong attitude. Sure he can't handle DDT, but bawling him out all the time won't do any good. What he needs is scientific treatment—you know, phychological understanding and building-up. You take DDT's Anonymous—.

Mrs. Housefly (morosely): Oh, go sit on some tanglefoot.

(There is a short silence. Then Shoo-fly turns to Mr. Housefly.)

Shoo-fly: As I was saying, they've got the idea now that DDT may be producing a master race of insects through selective breeding. Houseflies as big as houses. Horseflies as big as horses. Believe me, they've got the wind up.

MR. HOUSEFLY: Well, you know there may be something in that. You take Junior for instance. He's only a week old and already he'd pass for three weeks.

Shoo-fly: What do you mean, there may be something in it? You mean to tell me you still go for that reactionary pre-Marxian genetics?

Mr. Housefly: Still, you take Junior—

Shoo-fly: You're crazy. Everybody knows there's no such thing as stable hereditary characteristics independent of environment.

Mrs. Housefly (bitterly): And everybody knows the kind of garbage wrappings where you get your information.

Mr. Housefly (*sotto voce*): Just ignore her. She's just the usual domestic fly. Never gets 'round, never does any reading. Just stays home morning to night breeding eggs.

Mrs. Housefly: Oh, buzz, buzz, buzz, buzz, buzz!

Mr. Housefly: You know, seriously, we ought to do something about this. How about getting to work and organizing some of the other insect-groups, like the bees and lady bugs?

Shoo-fly: No use, they've got their own organization and won't let us in. Just a bunch of reactionary fascist slaves who've been exploited ever since the flood and haven't got the brains to realize it.

Mr. Housefly (uneasily): Still we'll have to do something. I don't like the idea, the human race getting disillusioned with DDT. They may decide to cut it out entirely. Might even be a good idea for us to start tapering off right away. What do you think?

Shoo-fly (impatiently): Listen, you don't seem to know much about the human race. What do they do, for instance, when they start in exterminating populations and find the method isn't satisfactory? Do they cut it out? Not likely. The only thing they can think of is bigger and better production of exterminators. You'll see. All they'll do now is step up the DDT strength to twenty per cent, maybe even thirty-five or fifty per cent.

Mr. Housefly (awed): Thirty-five or fifty per cent! Gosh, when I remember what ten per cent did to me the first time I tried it. I was out like a light.

Shoo-fly: You see, you get used to it. After all, our race has a long record of survival. It's just a question of building up resistance to environment. (He lowers his voice.) And by the way, they're already spraying with twenty per cent down at No. 22. Like to drop 'round and sample it? We could round up some of the gang—

MRS. HOUSEFLY (sharply): What are you two buzzing about in the corner?

Mr. Housefly: As a matter of fact, we were just talking about rounding up a few club members to talk over our new get-tough-with-the-human-race policy. It's an important meeting and we may be a little late. (Winningly) After all, the whole future of the insect race may depend on a firm, well-formulated policy laid down well in advance.

Mrs. Housefly: Oh, sure, sure. You go out to settle on a firm, well-formulated policy for the insect race and then you come home at three in the morning, flying upside-down, no hands.

(Mr. Housefly and Shoo-fly buzz off, almost colliding with Housefly Junior, who is just coming in.)

Junior: Hey, mom! What do you know, down at No. 22 they're spraying with twenty per cent DDT. Can I go down?

Mrs. Housefly: You'll do nothing of the sort.

Junior: Gee, you're mean. Pop and Shoo-fly are going and all their crowd.

Mrs. Housefly: All the more reason for your staying away. No, you stick to No. 20 where they're still using ten per cent.

Junior: Aw, gee, mom, that ten per cent is kid stuff, you don't get any kick out of it at all.

Mrs. Housefly: Just the same, don't let me catch you touching anything stronger than ten per cent till you're at least eighteen weeks old.

(Junior takes off, sulking. Mrs. Housefly calls him back.)

Mrs. Housefly: And don't forget the rule for crossing any open space. Look right, look left, watch out for swatters.

Junior: Gee, you'd think I was a kid.

(He goes off, and Mrs. Housefly watches him gloomily as he disappears.)

Mrs. Housefly: Well, what can you expect of a bunch of males whose ancestors never did anything but hang 'round livery stables? (She settles down to her domestic task.) No stable hereditary characteristics independent of environment, my foot!

• •

ODE TO DADDY

WHEN I return to find you
Dreaming wistfully of naps
(You've minded Baby one afternoon
And are on the verge of collapse)

And when you plaintively intimate
The exhaustion such hours leave,
There is some small imp inside of me
That does not exactly grieve!

MAY RICHSTONE

RUGGED Beauty

Smartly-styled . . . semi-brogue Oxford made to stand the roughest going . . . skilfully crafted . . . made of imported Scotch grain leather . . . featuring TRIPLE soles . . . one of our many Hartt lasts famed for their fitting qualities and comfort.

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F1

DEAR MR. EDITOR

If Their Efforts Count So Much, Pay The Farm Scientists More

THAT was a vibrant story dealing with the achievements of our agricultural research workers against the menace of stem rust in our prairie wheat fields (S.N., Oct. 2). That victory can be compressed into these few words, for the urban Canadian who seldom sees field or farm but who is also a beneficiary of this scientific conquest: "In the nine years that rust-resistant wheats have been grown in the west, farmers have gained at least $400,000,000 for a total outlay for Canada of only about $2,000,000" and, "Without sowing an extra acre, farmers in Western Canada harvested 40,000,000 more bushels of wheat this fall than they would have done ten years ago."

Here is science at its best estate, and this doubtless must have been in the mind of the Sage of Concord when he laid down the conditions under which science "if learned in love" would be found to be "the supplements and continuations of the material creation."

But there is something else, and I confess that I felt a bit humiliated to read a related reference to these tireless research workers in my farm journal thus: "Scientific agriculturists have rendered a tremendous service to the farmers of the Dominion —one which cannot be measured in dollars and cents. The development of Marquis wheat alone has been worth hundreds of millions of dollars to Canada. Then many other victories have been gained in the development of earlier ripening grain varieties, rust-resistant wheat, and so on. These men are probably the worst paid in Canada, particularly when the value of their services to the nation are considered."

I wouldn't know a farm scientist if I met one; but I desire to put a vigorous protest under the spotlight, against the latter trend.

Toronto, Ont. W. P. DAVISSON

Question and Answer

IN YOUR editorial, "Real Penal Reform," (S.N., Oct. 2), in your comparison of the systems in use in the United Kingdom and Canada you make the following statement and I quote: "The whole measure obviously assumes a degree of humanitarianism, intelligence and experience in the officials who will carry out the Act, such as perhaps we could not at first hope for in Canada."

Really, have Canadians no degree of humanitarianism, intelligence or experience?

Prince Rupert, B.C. M. M. STEPHENS

Ed. Note: The rest of the statement, which unfortunately is not quoted above suggests the answer: ". . . yet surely this country is as competent to train its own people, and has as good people to train, as the land from which a good many of us came."

Best

BECAUSE the man interests me I made a point of reading about 55 editorials on George Drew following his first-ballot choice as leader of his invigorated party. Yours (S.N., Oct. 9) was the best. It was brief, beautifully written and—a word I seldom use—wise.

Islington, Ont. GORDON SINCLAIR

One Woman's Influence

THE article by Thelma Craig, "Women at the Convention" (S.N., Oct. 9), outlined the part women played at a political convention, not as "auxiliaries," but working side by side with men. It seemed a very striking thing that this recognition of women in public affairs should be recorded in the same month as the death of Mrs. H. P. Plumptre. One of the main aims of the life of this clever and brave woman, who served Canada with such brilliance, was to bring about the sharing by men and women of the responsibilities of government, and in the mind of those who followed her career there is no doubt that the happy occurrence recorded by Miss Craig was to some degree the outcome of her influence.

Another event which seems linked with Mrs. Plumptre's life and work happened just twenty-five days after her death. This was the laying of the cornerstone of the Regent's Park low-rental housing project. Mrs. Plumptre was on the Bruce Committee on Housing Conditions in Toronto in 1934 which showed the tragic need for slum clearance and rehousing, so this first venture in Canada in subsidized low-rental housing is the initial step in the attainment of her desire to provide decent housing for all families irrespective of income.

She lived before her time but her influence lives after her.

Toronto, Ont. THERESA G. FALKNER

Irish "Drama"

THE Eire Government's insistence upon completing the separation of Southern Ireland from Great Britain and the Commonwealth justifies the old sayings that the Irish never react like other people to a given set of circumstances; that indeed Ireland is the only nation where the impossible always happens and the inevitable never. To a world-wide audience the Costello administration appears to be putting on just another one of the Abbey Theatre melodramas. These Irish plays are fascinating partly because they present Irish folk in the ecstasies of self-destruction; written by brilliant Irish authors and produced by talented Irish men and women hugging ancient grievances to their bosoms, impoverishing themselves, cutting off their own noses to spite their faces, and even cutting their own throats to emphasize their hatreds.

The Costello play, first put on by De Valera, is the master tragedy-comedy of them all. Here we have a country which maintained a stubborn neutrality in the Second World War, closed its ports to British and allied war ships and prolonged the conflict for months if not for years, thus condemning Canadian, British and United States soldiers, seamen and airmen to death. Here we have this nation working to further weaken the British Commonwealth, the western alliance and the United Nations in their struggle for human freedom throughout the world.

All this in spite of the fact that hundreds of thousands of southern Irishmen voluntarily fought in the British forces, and that thousands of southern Irish men and women find residence in Britain and gain their livelihood there, and that Ireland could not exist except for the rich British market which pays high prices for all available farm stuffs and other products of Eire.

Toronto, Ont. F. D. L. SMITH

WHAT PRICE DEMOCRACY?

Democracy is without price . . . no one can ever take it for granted or assume it is paid for in full. It is an inheritance we are duty bound to pass on . . . not only to the next generation, but to our fellow-men everywhere who have yet to enjoy its full benefits.

Democracy grew from a great ideal . . . that all men are born free and equal and are deserving of the same privileges. It can live on only if we constantly strive to fulfill this ideal and protect the priceless freedoms won.

Moderation is one of the chief safeguards of democracy. By being moderate in our thinking, in our actions, and in our pleasures, we are living democratically.

As The House of Seagram has so often stated, by being moderate in all things, including the enjoyment of whisky, we are acting for the common good.

Men who Think of Tomorrow
Practice Moderation Today!

THE HOUSE OF SEAGRAM

Canadian Cattle Fly South To Tap Rich Markets

By FRANK E. CROFT

The Hays brothers of Oakville, Ontario, have started a big business flying high-grade Canadian cattle south to rich Latin American markets. Flying cattle solves the problem of keeping them in good condition. Buyers in Latin America have always been anxious to buy Canadian cattle, but were discouraged by the deterioration of their condition after long trips by train or boat.

A DC-4 DROPS to the airport at Caracas, Venezuela. It taxies up close to the airport buildings and with a final roar of the engines comes to a stop. An attendant rushes over to the plane, throws wide the door behind the starboard wing, and the "passengers" are led in placid file down the gangplank. On each is a blanket bearing the message, "Yo Vengo de Hays Ltd., Oakville, Canada." To the loungers at the airport this means, "I come from Hays Ltd., Oakville, Canada."

One incredulous peon nudges another and chuckles in Spanish, "The cow jumped over the moon, eh?" That quotation from the nursery rhyme is very apt; for Canadian purebred cattle, hogs, sheep and even rabbits are being flown in their thousands these days to more than 15 Latin American and West Indies countries. It is something of a minor miracle being worked by two young Oakville, Ontario, brothers, Harry and Tom Hays. A third brother, Jim, stays on the Hays' homestead farm near Calgary, Alberta, which is one of the Hays brothers' sub-shipping depots.

All the Hays have been in the cattle game from away back. While in their late teens both boys were travelling the cattle shows of the continent. They would often start from their Alberta farm with a dozen or more purebred animals in the spring and make a grand tour of all the big shows, not getting back to the familiar barnyard until the next year.

He Met a Pilot

They had been shipping cattle, both their own and for other Canadian breeders, when Harry fell in with a young American, Terry Goodwin, of Philadelphia, who had just received his discharge from the R.A.F. It was while Harry was returning east from a periodic trip to the Alberta homestead. He suggested Goodwin should get a job which would elevate the cow from the cattle car and cattle ship to the plane. Harry thought of a Mexican buyer who had recently visited the Ontario farm to see some Holsteins. "Such fine cattle," he said, stroking the neck of one of the beasts. "Ah, yes, so very fine — but by the time they get to Mexico, amigo,—the long ride! Ah, then they are not so fine."

"A proper balance between science and culture in university training" was the theme of the inaugural address of Dr. A. W. Trueman as he was installed as president of the University of New Brunswick at Fredericton, N.B., on October 13.

Could this be the answer? Air shipments of cattle had never been attempted anywhere in the world on a regular commercial basis and over such vast distances; but most things sounded crazy until actually tried.

The Hays brothers learned that cattle never become seasick, therefore they might not become airsick; they don't panic during rough weather on board ship (unless jerked loose from their tethers) so the novelty of air travel should leave them undisturbed. And most important of all, the trip would be soon over and the cattle would suffer neither losses in weight or health. They would be worth as much to the buyer as when they stood in their stalls in Canada.

After several frustrating weeks of negotiation with various departments at Ottawa, permission was granted them to fly a cargo of Holstein cows to Cuba. The plane was a transport of the Wing-Cargo Co., of Philadelphia, where the enthusiastic Goodwin had sold them on the idea of carrying such an unheard of cargo, and Goodwin himself was at the controls. In little more than ten hours the cattle were in the hands of their new Cuban owners. They had been milked before entering the plane and were just ready for the second milking of the day when they arrived; they had not lost a pound in weight.

Since then the Hays brothers have done more to plaster the name "Canada" everywhere from the Rio Grande to Tierra del Fuego than a corps of trained publicists could possibly manage. In doing so they have opened steady and lucrative markets for the Canadian cattle breeder.

And they are just getting their second wind. They scan the atlas and talk of cattle shipments by air to China —"up and around by Alaska, easy," they say—and kindred other exotic places. During the three years they have been operating on this basis they have given to air freight a new facet of glamour and legend.

The cattle which rate air transportation are not the sort you see headed for the abbatoir. They are the blue bloods of the cattle world. Most of them are sought by Latin American cattlemen for breeding purposes to improve the quality of their herds. Others are bought because of their high records as milk or butter-fat producers. All are registered animals which could, and do, bring ohs and ahs from the discerning audiences which gather round the show rings at our biggest fairs. A recent shipment of less than 30 animals was valued at $65,000, including two bulls worth $15,000 and $12,000 respectively. Last year the Hays brothers shelled out $200,000 to the air companies for freight tariffs alone. From an experimental flight to Cuba three years ago has grown a big business.

SERVING CANADIANS C-I-L THROUGH CHEMISTRY
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"Chemistry?

..SURE. I STARTED IT THIS YEAR!"

YES, SON, you're now meeting up with formulae and test tubes, but chemistry has been with you all your life. In one form or another it has guarded your health, helped to feed and clothe you and provided many of the things that have made your young career so zestful.

Now you are learning how this great service works. Your first simple experiments are the roots from which sprang such basic products as chlorine to purify water, fertilizers to stimulate food growth, insecticides to kill pests and guard crops, and paint to protect and beautify. You know about nylon hosiery, for example. The same plastic is made as a monofilament, so strong that it is used for fishing line leaders and tennis racket strings.

Chemistry never stands still. It is constantly searching for and finding new and better products. For this is a chemical world and the C-I-L Oval is the symbol of an organization devoted to *serving Canadians through chemistry.*

For Instance:
PLASTIC WOOD

HERE IS another product of Chemistry for home, and industrial use, to heal holes and cracks in wood. It handles like putty, hardens into wood, with which it makes perfect union. Canadian Industries Limited, Head Office, P.O. Box 10, Montreal.

IN-47-2

CANADIAN INDUSTRIES LIMITED

Franco Is Most Surprised At Being Still In Power

By WOLFGANG A. LEPPMANN

Franco's hold on the people of Spain is not as strong as one might think. However, while there is very little support for the government and many Spaniards dislike the country's self-willed isolation, there is universal fear of another civil war and of Communism. Franco remains, therefore, as the lesser of several evils.

Certainly any overtures for Spain's inclusion in an anti-Russian European defence, as have lately been suggested in some western powers' quarters, will raise the stature of Franco in the eyes of the Spaniards and make the possibility of his removal even more remote.

SPAIN'S aims are not easy to define, for Spain differs from other party dictatorships in one essential feature. She has little if any of that pseudo-scientific body of ideology which for so long adorned the bookshelves of Germany and Italy, and which is now so faithfully trumpeted by Soviet-controlled press and radio.

The Nazis grouped their *Weltanschauung* around a few handy catchwords like "Nordic Race", "Guns Before Butter," "Blood and Soil." In the background, and as reference, there were such literary and philosophical efforts as "Mein Kampf", or "Mythos of the Twentieth Century". A similar skeleton of "philosophy" upheld Fascist Italy, built out of the writings and utterances of Federzoni, Mussolini, Gentile. Soviet Russia, of course, has a highly serious philosophical-economic basis, a group of theories applicable not only to one people, as the German and Italian has been ("Fascism is not an article for export"), but to the whole world. Books like "Das Kapital" and slogans like "Religion is opium for the people" are meant for universal application.

Franco Spain, on the other hand, began as a military dictatorship pure and simple, without disposing even of the limited (though not inconsiderable) popular support with which Hitler, Mussolini and Lenin set out. After the fall of the Republic in 1939, Franco cast about for some philosophical justification for his regime, without, however, coming up with more than a vague predilection for *Hispanidad, i.e.,* the thesis that the Spanish-speaking peoples have a common heritage, common interests, and a common destiny. In its old form it is an established ideal, not unlike Pan-slavism or even Western Union; but as political reality it is even less likely of realization. This absence of a valid ideological *raison d'être* is illustrated in the national joke that the man most surprised to see Franco still in power, is Francisco Franco himself! Nazism did not die with Hitler, and Communism is sure to survive a hypothetical collapse of Soviet rule; but Franco's Spain is Franco pure and simple, *l'état c'est moi* in its clearest form.

In the absence of a "national destiny" to fulfil, the Franco government deals with the problems of the day as they come to the surface, and far from incapably. The fact that the country was able to keep out of a war which involved infinitely more powerful and less strategically situated countries, is generally credited to Franco personally, who is supposed to have kept in check the pro-German fringe of the Falange, under Serrano Suner. The clumsy inclusion, and subsequent exclusion, of Spain from the countries marked as beneficiaries of the Marshall Plan, has helped to enhance Franco's prestige, exactly as the sanctions once strengthened Mussolini's hand in the Abyssinia crisis.

Señora
aprovechE
su verano
comprando un
Abrigo
de Piel
"IRIS"

Spanish commercial art takes an unusual form at San Sebastian where ads are drawn on wet sand with brooms.

While there is little popular support for the government, there is universal fear of another civil war, and among the wealthy, of Communism. Even obviously "have-not" Spaniards will readily tell you that "we know what it is like to live under Communism," meaning the republican interlude between the monarchy and Franco. The carefully-fostered fear of another civil war is by all means the strongest deterrent to any group contemplating a change of government by violence. Further weakening the opposition, many of the Republicans who fled to France in 1939 have returned under a partial amnesty, and some at least fill not unimportant positions in business life. A desire for change is almost universal, and a sense of shame at Spanish inaction is frequent. Yet such is the state of Western Europe at present that a sufficient number of Spaniards consider Franco as "the smaller of the evils" to guarantee the perpetuation of his regime.

To be sure, the official organ of the exiled republican government, *L'Espagne Républicaine*, is on sale at the railway station at Hendaye, just outside the Spanish border. But rare is the Spanish traveller who will pick it up, even in free France, and even after the Spanish border police have gone.

Frowning on Tourists

Alone of all the countries of the Western World, Spain does not encourage tourism. There is hardly one Spanish tourist bureau in the great European capitals through which millions of dollar-laden tourists pass each season. In Paris, Brussels, London and Rome the traveller is invited, by poster, neon light and booklet, to "Visit Northern Ireland," to "Fly K.L.M. to the Far East," or to "See Canada by C.N.R." Although in desperate need of dollar credits, Spain makes little effort to attract the tourist or businessman who disposes of this credit. On the contrary, travelling is purposely made difficult by arbitrary currency restrictions for visitors. Every traveller, for example, is required by law to spend a certain sum every day of his stay in Spain; however, should he be forced to leave sooner than intended, he can change his pesetas into francs only at a loss of 30 per cent, while his dollars are totally irredeemable, once exchanged. Furthermore, every foreigner is made to carry on his person a *triptico*, a document in three parts which has to be filled out, stamped and given back to him whenever changing hotel or residence.

The only welcome visitors are South Americans. It is the constant theme of the Spanish press that the country's only good friends are the *americanos* (in Spanish, "American" is always South American), while the rest of the world persists in misunderstanding the true mission of Franco Spain. At a time when world attention was focussed on the Berlin blockade, that momentous struggle between East and West shared the headlines of *Arriba* (Aug. 10) — the official Falangist newspaper—with an editorial entitled "Salute to Ecuador," a panegyric on that South American republic written apropos of nothing in particular, merely stressing the vitality of *Hispanidad* between Spain and Ecuador, "one of the American nations towards which the eyes of the motherland turn forever lovingly."

LA CORRIDA DE LA TELEVISION

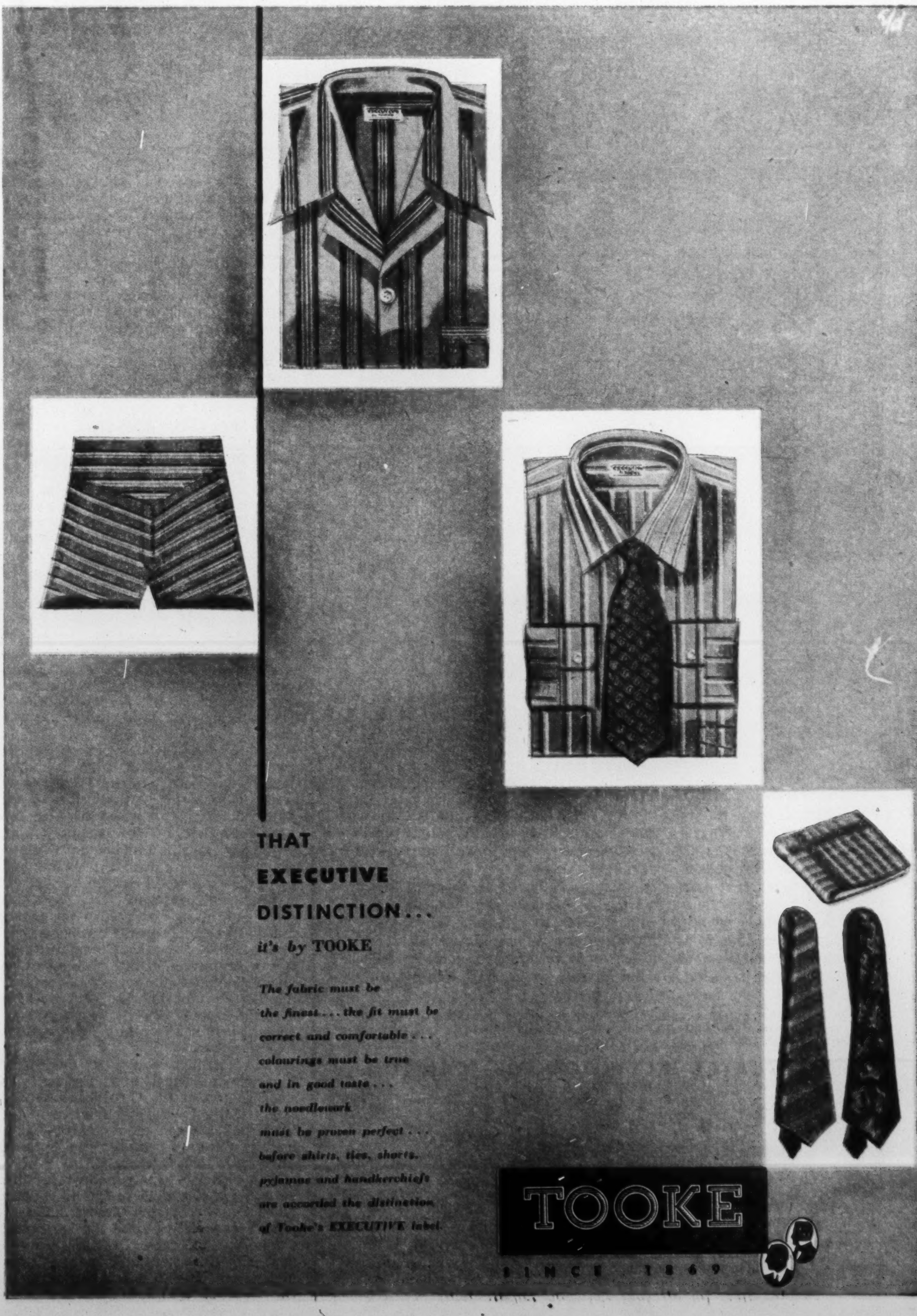
Increasingly popular in Spain, television programs feature bull-fights. This bull-fight at Vista Alegre was televised into a theatre in Madrid.

Reports on North American and British events tend to reflect the less flattering side of the news. Thus in the same paper, another headline declares, under a New York despatch, that "U. N. buildings are to be constructed with more practical ends in view — they can be converted into hospitals, theatres and stores — nobody expects U.N. to occupy them for more than a couple of years." *Espana*, an influential daily printed in Tangier, offers such news as "Crimewave in England creates grave penitentiary problem" and "Violent attacks against Truman in the U.S. Senate" (Aug. 9). Nor do European countries fare better. A three-page picture story in *Mundo* (Year IX, No. 431), a serious weekly review, is headed "France Cannot Reorganize Her Army While Undecided as to her Eventual Enemy"— giving the impression that the French are thinking in terms of a future war against the U.S. rather than the U.S.S.R. Russia is considered as beyond salvation, and news from her sphere of influence is treated more or less factually. The Western Allies, on the other hand, are being "misled" by their governments. The individual Anglo-Saxon appears to be a rather likeable fellow, prevented only by his government from a sincere admiration of Franco Spain.

Every instance of South American friendliness, however, is played up to the full propaganda value. When the Argentine sent a new ambassador to Spain recently (against a U.N. decision), a national holiday was decreed for all Spain. The daughter of the President of the Philippines, Senorita Victoria Quirino, when holidaying in San Sebastian, was received by no lesser lights than the Ministers of Foreign Affairs and of Justice. A Spanish Navy captain, Don Indalecio Nunez, made news when he flew to Santiago de Chile with an invitation to send a Chilean delegation to the centennial celebrations of the Castilian Navy, to be held in Seville in October.

According to the official Spanish version, the Western Allies are only now beginning to realize the mortal danger of Communism. Humanly enough, the prevailing tendency in reporting events like the Berlin crisis, or terrorism in Malaya, is one of "I told you so!"

Thus Spain stands alone, in largely self-willed isolation, spurned alike by East and West. Authoritarian without being oppressive—a case could be made for a not inconsiderable "freedom of opinion" within the framework of dictatorship — her government is firmly built on two negative forces. Internally, most Spaniards feel that at present any change could only result in more bloodshed and suffering. In foreign affairs, enmity towards Soviet Russia is the Order of the Day in so great a part of the world that much of the country must be excused for thinking, understandably if not quite logically, that "Franco can't be so bad, if Truman and Attlee say the same!"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THE WORLD TODAY

De Gaulle's Advent To Power Becomes More Certain

By WILLSON WOODSIDE

THE strike violence in France has brought the advent to power of General de Gaulle sensibly nearer. Day by day, it is disposing of the alternatives. One of these, the continuance of government such as the present which cannot govern, the general public finds more and more intolerable. The other, the formation of a government of the Left with the re-entry of the Communists into the cabinet, has been made impossible by the clear-cut demands of the latter for a complete shift in French policy.

L'Humanité, the Paris Communist daily, has put these as follows: France must "free herself from the burden of the Marshall Plan," or in other words, withdraw from the plan for recovery of Western Europe, in which she holds the key position. She must "throw off the shackles of American imperialism," which means refuse the proposed lend-lease of arms and break away from the Western front facing the Soviets in Berlin and Western Germany. And she must withdraw from the "anti-Soviet bloc" of Western Union.

The French understand perfectly well that what these demands add up to is that France would have to support and follow Soviet policy. After their current experience of watching their own Communists deliberately wrecking the economy of the country on orders from Moscow to smash the Marshall Plan at any cost, there isn't the slightest chance that they would tolerate a deal which brought the Communists back into the cabinet, first to share in and then to dominate the government.

If the current strikes were designed in part as a club to force through such a "solution"—and *Humanité* has continued to drum it the whole time—they have completely failed of that purpose. There is no indication that the French people are disposed to "buy off" the strikes at that price. Instead they have turned still more towards the man who, almost alone, inspires confidence that he can give firm government in the interests of France.

How or when de Gaulle will come to power are still difficult questions to answer. A healthy tendency has developed in recent weeks among the Gaullists to welcome a coalition with the "Third Force," or part of it—a move which alone would assure a new Gaullist government of heavy majority support, and assure many Frenchmen and foreigners that it was not de Gaulle's aim to set up a dictatorship.

De Gaulle and Third Force

De Gaulle himself referred, in his press conference on October 1, to "valuable elements" in the Third Force—the present cabinet coalition of Socialists, Catholic Popular Republicans, Radical Socialists and moderate Rightists. The declaration of such personalities as Reynaud, Marie, Schumann, Bidault, René Mayer, Ramadier and Blum that they would be prepared to participate in a cabinet with de Gaulle would be the most encouraging development possible in French politics.

It has been proven that they cannot govern France by themselves. Without them de Gaulle will come to power with the barest majority, or just short of it. With their participation in his government, it would have the widest popular support, and the union of their ability with his strength would serve to reassure those who have doubts of de Gaulle's intentions and find his policies extremely vague.

The pro-Gaullist paper *Aurore* calls for a coalition "from de Gaulle to Blum." That would have the great advantage of assuring the support of the moderate part of the working class and the *petit fonctionnaires* for de Gaulle—and the question of whether he will have any working class support at all, or will have to rule without, or even at first against the working class is one of the most acute in connection with a Gaullist government.

But the Socialists appear paralyzed before this decision. Their party, which has lost ground steadily in every election since the war and lost further favor by torpedoing the last three cabinets, in which it took part, is badly split. One wing feels a strong nostalgia for the Communist position on the extreme left of French politics, and puts "working class solidarity" above every other consideration. The other wing understands that Stalinist Communism is not a genuine leftist movement in the French tradition but a reactionary movement in the service of a foreign power. But it is not prepared to join in an all-out fight against Communism.

Leon Blum, leader of this wing and grand old man of the party, who used to respect de Gaulle personally, has insisted for the past year that the Socialists should consider the General as "Enemy Number One," ahead of Thorez, the Communist.

The Paris correspondent of the New York Social Democratic weekly *New Leader*, Henri Guizot, who reports especially on the Socialist Party to his paper, (which carries valuable international news, especially on Russian affairs) writes in the October 23 issue with a certain hopelessness. He finds the French Socialists obsessed with the idea that strong government from the Right, France's traditional danger, is more menacing to the workers than totalitarianism from the Left.

The Socialists bolster this obsession by calling the Gaullist movement totalitarian, he says. But for all the faults of the movement and de Gaulle's personal failings, having attended many Gaullist meetings and read all of de Gaulle's speeches, he has never discovered any totalitarianism in the movement.

What de Gaulle Wants

Gaullism, he insists, has nothing to do with the idea of subjecting the entire economic, social, professional, scientific, religious and even personal life of the nation to the control of an almighty, one-party state headed by a dictator and his clique. "On the contrary, as a mouthpiece of the middle class, it strives to reduce the state budget, the number of officials and the state interference in the economy.

"As to a strong government, the need for it under the stress of the present profound transformation is obvious. The Gaullists want to abolish the proportional representation system and replace it by a majority government, which existed in the Third Republic and still exists in all big democracies . . . They want further to increase the authority of the Second Chamber, to place it on a par with the Senate of the U.S. And de Gaulle has no intention of abolishing the nationalization and social

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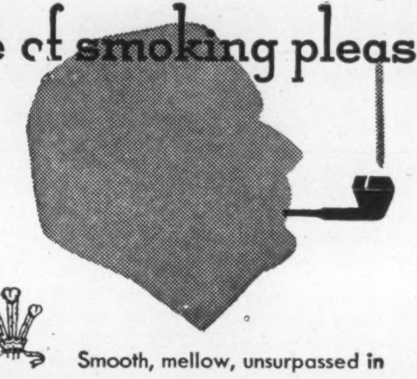

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laws, which were introduced partly under his own regime, but wants to achieve order, efficiency and economy in these fields."

He takes as an example the coal industry, where "it would be cowardly to dodge the problem of creating more order." Twenty per cent of the workers stay away from work daily, and these workers recently declared of this *nationalized* industry: "the coal belongs to us, and Lacoste (the Socialist Minister responsible) has no business here." De Gaulle believes that the 40-hour week is a luxury which France cannot afford in these hard times. He thinks longer hours necessary, but would introduce the incentive of a profit-sharing system on a nation-wide scale. His aides have been studying such a system now in use in 2,000 French factories.

This correspondent concludes with the observation that, while de Gaulle is not an attractive personality, he is the man needed to perform the hard and unpleasant task of restoring effective government in France, and if the Socialists were prompted by reason instead of irrational sentiment and the "mysticism" of class solidarity, they would admit that the general was greatly preferable to Thorez.

Fewer Deaths, More Births

Guizot made some interesting comments in an earlier article on the social background of the present conflict in France. Overall production is now 15 per cent above 1938—though it should be recalled that that was a year of crisis. The wheat crop this year is above the 1930-37 average. There are more cattle than before the war, which means that there should be more meat, milk and butter. The death rate is lower than it has ever been, and the birth rate is up a full 50 per cent over 1936.

Now, he says, since the French are a calculating people who have long practiced birth control when things did not look promising for the raising of families, this latter is a very significant fact. Can the French worker really be living so much worse than before the war as is often said? He believes he is not, though he gives much credit to the tripled baby bonus for the increased birth rate.

It is "the pent-up demand of the workers for better living conditions, after years of privation, which has burst into the open with irresistible force." But there is new competition for this better living, from other classes. The farmers prefer to eat more of their own produce today than sell it to the government at low fixed prices, or even to black market buyers at higher prices, but still for paper money in which they have no confidence. According to a recent poll they are eating three to four times the meat they ate before the war. The numerous lower middle classes, also, do not save and buy bonds as they used to do, but spend more on food.

French Class Divisions

These classes are divided at present in France about as follows. Manual laborers, including farm workers and domestics, 47 per cent of the nation. Government officials, employees and technical personnel, 14 per cent. Lower middle classes, including merchants, farmers, artisans and the professions, 38 per cent. Medium and big capitalists, 1 per cent.

The lower middle classes control the food on one hand, and the retail trade on the other. They abhor the whole Socialist method of directed economy, with the obligation to sell to the state, fixed prices and rationing. They want a free economy. They have been shifting from the M.R.P. (the new Catholic Popular Republican Party which mushroomed after the war) which has gone along on mild socialism, to the right, where they believe their interests will be defended.

With this shift, the centre coalition has had to shift steadily to the right of centre for its support, and now, instead of spanning parties which disagreed only on the amount of socialism to be desired, embraces elements which are fundamentally opposed in economic theory.

The fine art of cabinet-building in France is so sensitive to this shift that whereas the Schuman government a year ago gave three-quarters of the portfolios to M.R.P. and Socialists, and only one-quarter to the Radicals, the latest Queuille cabinet gives only half to M.R.P. and Socialists, and half to groups lying to the right of M.R.P.

The bitter wage struggle of the workers, Guizot argues, is being waged not so much against the already emasculated big capital, as against farmers, tradesmen, etc., whose share in the national income has increased since the war, and who are competing for the available food and better living conditions. He seems to imply that the interests of the workers would be safer in the hands of de Gaulle than in a revived Radical party representing almost solely the lower middle classes.

He also implies sympathy with de Gaulle's view that Frenchmen will have to work a longer work week, in quoting the following figures. The average worker is now working only 217 days out of 365 in the year, missing 52 Sundays, 52 Saturdays, 10 holidays, 14 days vacations with pay, and 20 days absenteeism.

How will things develop now in France? It is evident from current dispatches that the Communists, through their ruthlessness in carrying out Cominform orders to wreck the Marshall Plan even if it wrecks the French economy, through their readiness to allow mines to be flooded, and to arm their party shock troops and fight off the police trying to safeguard nationalized property, have thoroughly alarmed and alienated the greater part of the nation.

There does not seem to be any chance of them being able to seize power without the direct aid of the Red Army; and the best confirmation of this comes directly from Moscow. Publishing the letters which he exchanged with the Central Committee of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union before the break, Tito revealed a fortnight ago that one of the strongest claims of Stalin and Zhdanov on his unquestioning obedience was that the Yugoslav Communist party would never have come to power if Soviet arms had not created the conditions for this. "The Communist parties in France and Italy could not seize power only because, unfortunately, the Soviet armies were unable to give them similar assistance." That's from Stalin.

While unable to seize power themselves, the Communists will, however, continue to embarrass in every way a government which is committed to carrying out the Marshall Plan and playing its part in Western Union. The Gaullists, pursuing a *politique de pire* because they believe that the present system of weak coalitions must be cleared away as soon as possible to make room for a government that can govern, will not do anything to help the Queuille government, but continue to clamor for new elections.

In these circumstances, heavily attacked from both sides and seriously divided within, its weakness displayed in handling the present strikes, it appears certain that the Queuille cabinet must fall shortly after the Assembly reconvenes next month. In view of the Communist threat, the imperilment of the Marshall Plan—the continuance of its aid being dependent on a balanced budget and the checking of inflation—and the progressive decay of the Third Force, it seems possible that the Assembly

(*Continued on Page* 40)

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Did Coonskin Coats and Hip Flasks Leave a Permanent Literary Mark?

BY JOHN YOCOM

THE PLEASURES OF THE JAZZ AGE—edited by William Hodapp—*Clarke, Irwin—$4.50.*

TO SOME it meant the thrill (or routine) of going down a small flight of stairs, knocking on a door and asking in a whisper for Joe. For others it meant wearing a coonskin coat and a hip-flask of bathtub gin, esquiring a frizzy blonde, tabbed as "beautiful but dumb" and "flapper". also in a coonskin and bedecked in a huge yellow chrysanthemum. It meant riding in a disreputable topless Ford marked with smart sayings and noisily attending the BIG football games. It meant being wise, in an irresponsible way, about Sex and Atheism and Companionate Marriage and looking like males and females in John Held Jr.'s cartoons (or vice versa). It meant all these and a thousand and one other things and it was called the Jazz Age—the Twenties until the market crash in October 1929.

Could they (or is it "we"?) have really been so callow? William Hodapp has prepared an anthology of the literature of the consciously "lost generation" to help us find the answer. In passages from the books which he thinks best expressed the sweet madness of that era he shows that, despite the rah-rah here and the rah-rah there, a considerable amount of positive thinking existed.

If Frederick Lewis Allen's sprightly, panoramic "Only Yesterday" is taken as the *apologia pro sua vita* for the Twenties, this collection of excerpts—by F. Scott Fitzgerald ("Josephine"), Vina Delmar ("Bad Girl"), Floyd Dell ("Moon Calf"), Sinclair Lewis ("Babbitt"), John Dos Passos ("Three Soldiers"), Charles Lindbergh ("We"), E. M. Hull ("The Sheik"), *et al* can be taken as capsuled historical source material. Not that it will serve completely for a researcher of the period but it will do for a starter. And for researcher or not, it is a soft twilight reminder of an age that bore its mark on everyone of the literate age group who lived in even the meanest degree of urbanity. Far from symbolizing an emotional collapse—as some thought, it was a healthy, elaborate escape tradition and as such perhaps served some purpose. Today we have just as much need for the escape but are too wise to fall for bathtub gin or a dance called the Charleston, and so live in a "permanent crisis".

Every Day, Every Way

Strangely enough, for an age that made such deep imprints at the time there seems to have been little permanency, despite what Hiram Haydn made out in his recent best-seller "The Time Is Noon", an exhaustive unfolding of the Twenties' mores. How quaint today seems Emile Coué's psychology of self-mastery through conscious auto-suggestion ("Every day in every way . . . "); how juvenile the acknowledgement that Elinor Glyn's "Six Days" had anything in the way of bedroom chronicling, let alone literary integrity. To be sure, serious works like John Maynard Keynes' "The Economic Consequences of the Peace", of which Mr. Hodapp includes an excerpt and thus slyly admits even a coonskin sophomore had some thoughtful moments, reflected shadows of the future, but since Keynes recanted his own postulates before he died, even this one is now dated. Certainly "Mother India" and "Mein Kampf" are.

The horrors of war are covered in Erich Maria Remarque's "All Quiet on the Western Front" and Ibanez' "Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse". When we originally read them, it was as if no one could *ever* permit such happenings again — ever. But two years ago in reading John Hersey's "Hiroshima" few could feel the same surety that he was reading only the past and not a prophecy. Mr. Hodapp's collection has an old familiar museum quality which, I suppose, was inevitable. But there are some glaring omissions which, if included, might have replaced some of the mustiness with fresh air. For instance, the editor talks of the Twenties' lost generation, the disillusioned expatriates who wrote first in Paris, then in New York and lastly on lush Connecticut farms. But he fails to mention the one who coined the phrase—Gertrude Stein. Another expatriate, Hemingway, is left out probably on account of copyright.

As mentioned above F. Scott Fitzgerald is included. In 1920 his "This Side of Paradise", a bad novel but an honest one, rang the Jazz Age tocsin. But many of those who responded with something more than a coonskin are here overlooked. E. E. Cummings, Edmund Wilson, Allen Tate, Hart Crane, Wilder, Faulkner, Kay Boyle, Willa Cather, Archibald Macleish (a few years older, but still affiliated with this generation), and Louis Bromfield (who vulgarizes its ideas) remain for the book Mr. Hodapp will write when he wants to give the higher level of craftsmanship and integrity that stemmed out of that colossal period.

The generation belonged to years of confused transition from values already fixed to values that had to be created. It was a negative trend in the country's literary tradition but as the depression neared the group was becoming more serious, harder working, and more fruitful. As critic Malcolm Cowley years ago appraised the era: "It had been an easy, quick, adventurous age, good to be young in; and yet, coming out of it one feels a sense of relief, as on coming out of a closed, smoky room, too full of talk and people, into the sunlight of winter streets." Mr. Hodapp's anthology gently guides one back into the smoke-filled, yet colorful, room.

Moral Victory

By JOHN PAUL

ANOTHER YEAR—by R. C. Sherriff—*Ryerson—$2.50.*

HERE Robert Sherriff sets an elaborate stage for a moral victory. The Rev. Roger Matthews, the central character, is a crusading, middle-aged vicar of an East London parish. His ambition for uplift leads him to start a boys' club. Sometimes he runs afoul of the authorities but Mr. Matthews sees his projects through. A dramatic society is formed for the boys to make some money. He doesn't expect the show to make much but it will keep the boys together and introduce more people to the club. No financial success, the show opens the door to a new life for the vicar and plumps him down on his moral battlefield.

A talent scout from Hollywood has caught the play, likes daughter Rosemary and gives her a screen test. Successful Rosemary is off for Hollywood, with the vicar and his wife going along as the studio's guests—but only after the vicar is sure the club will be able to get along without him. In movieland the vicar gets a role himself in the film in which his daughter stars. Then, long before the movie is completed, he becomes conscious of Hollywood's assault on his sense of values. When offered a long-term contract, he is tempted to forget about his boys and his East End parish. But he returns home—to a club greatly deteriorated in his absence. In a new crusade he starts rebuilding. A moral victory!

It is a leisurely told novel with a plot that wobbles a bit from indirectness, but the central character is sensitively drawn, engaging and worthwhile to read about.

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113 MILLS, SMALL AND LARGE, FROM COAST TO COAST

Sunshine to Dark to Vital Hope; France By Her Story-Tellers

By ROBERT AYRE

FRENCH STORIES FROM NEW WRITING—edited by John Lehmann—London, John Lehmann—8/6.

THE TAPESTRY BED—by Louise de Vilmorin—Collins—$3.00.

IF WE re-arrange these fifteen distinguished French stories, published in John Lehmann's "New Writing" between 1936 and 1946, we have, rising to a terrible climax, the drama of our times. The place to begin, I think, is with Jean Giono's descriptions of the harvest and the bread-baking. Here the people are simple, good folk; the only violence is the violence of toil; the earth is fulfilled; the ancient, honest ritual ends with a dance; close to the earth, pulse of its pulse, the men are glorious and strong, the women are lovely, all are as innocent as the sheep and the proud stallions, as honest as the warm bread and as gay as the sugary fougasse. Too idyllic? It is one side of peasant life, perhaps the most important. But for another, we take the next step, to the mountain stories of André Chamson. At a merrymaking in a remote hamlet, the drunken giant Tabusse precipitates a fight. The accumulated hostility between neighbors living too close together in six months of wintry solitude breaks into the annual tribute of collective madness. Well, like a storm that clears the air, it is soon over; Tabusse lies forgotten in the gutter and, good fellowship restored, the feast goes on. There is a horrible savagery in Tabusse's fight with his starving dogs, but the man's beastliness is not condoned, he is an outlaw and decency can deal with him.

Durable Twist

From the elementary country folk of Giono and Chamson the scene shifts to the bourgeois, with André Gide's sensitive and sympathetic portrait of his mother, whose education left her with a "durable twist" that made her calculating, that was "hostile to the generous movements of the heart," and Louis Guilloux's account of the quarrel of a man and wife. Here human frailty is handled with understanding and tenderness.

As an interlude comes "Madame Parpillon's Inn", by Noel Devaulx, a romantic fantasy, a sort of ghost story, and here is the place to mention the other book under review: "The Tapestry Bed", by Louise de Vilmorin. In another stream of modern French literature, it brings to mind (which is in itself a pleasure) Alain Fournier and his follower Robert Francis, though it lacks the extra dimension of "The Wanderer" and the density of "The Wolf at the Door." It belongs, like them, to the fairy tale world: The plot, though improbable, is rich in irony, humor and pathos. Remy Bonvent, a young peasant with the gift of music, is imprisoned for life as a murderer. The prison governor encourages him to compose in order to steal the music and make himself famous with poor Remy's work. No one but an old warden suspects that Remy is inspired by his hopeless love for the governor's inaccessible daughter. The tale is handled lightly, with the grace of a writer who has some reputation as a poet, but there is no shirking the inevitable conclusion. "The Tapestry Bed" has been made into a movie and it should be a charming one.

After this entertainment, we put aside childish things. With "The Midshipman", by Louis Clamorgan, the war enters. It is an objective account of a hazardous adventure at sea, a report of endurance and anxiety, but it is free of sinister implications. Only in this little story and in Antoine de St. Exupery's "Letter to a Hostage" is there any direct reference to the war. But the malady of which the war was a symptom haunts the book like a nightmare. In "About Theseus" Paul Nizam projects the obscene and callous present into the past; in "Letter to Cousin Mary" Jean Cassou projects the obscene and callous past into the present, as Shirley Jackson (I think it was) did in a memorable story, "The Lottery", in The *New Yorker* this past summer.

These are both fantasies that you do not soon forget. But it is with Jean Paul Sartre that the nightmare seizes us and the drama reaches its climax. "The Wall", told with intense and unsqueamish realism that turns into a cruel farce, is a story of the Spanish civil war. Spending the night with three men condemned to be shot at daylight, you are forced to realize how men can be dehumanized through opinion, vanity and lack of imagination, and how they can be dehumanized through fear and resignation. The other Sartre story, "The Room," horrifying enough on the objective plane, is ten times more horrifying as an allegory, for here you have a woman whose life with a mad husband has cut her off from all desire for normal existence. The nightmare of illusions and menaces in a dark room has become for her the only reality.

So we have come, from sunshine to the dark, from innocence to guilt, from sanity to madness. Is there any way out? Let us take for epilogue St. Exupery's profound and moving essay—it is not a story—"Letter to a Hostage". St. Exupery speaks passionately for France, but his message is to humanity, for we are all hostages. Reflecting on the essential poles of existence, he discovered in the smile, that transcends all language, caste or political party, the advent of the man. "Human respect! There is the touchstone! . . . If human respect is established in men's hearts, men will certainly end by establishing in return the social, political or economic system that will sanctify this respect. . ."

He speaks of the "reserves of seed frozen by the snows of the German presence." This little book gives us an idea of the vitality of these reserves.

About "The Case"

By J. L. CHARLESWORTH

YOUTH IS A BLUNDER—by Elma Napier—*Clarke, Irwin—$2.75.*

IN 1891, English society enjoyed or was shocked at one of the juiciest scandals of the century when Sir William Gordon Cumming, Bart., brought a libel action against certain persons for spreading a story of his having cheated at baccarat. The spice of the libel suit lay in the high social position of all concerned, and in the fact that Sir William's counsel summoned the Prince of Wales (later Edward VII) as a witness. The Prince's evidence was so unhelpful that Sir William lost his suit and thereafter he was socially dead, although he actually lived until 1930.

On the day that the suit ended Sir William married a New York heiress, whose fortune enabled him to keep up the family estates in Scotland and to live in considerable luxury. Five children were born of the union during the next thirteen years, and it is the eldest of these who has now published her reminiscences of childhood and youth.

Mrs. Napier has a witty pen and a vivid memory—sometimes a little too vivid, as when she recalls visiting Niagara Falls in autumn and seeing large blocks of ice going over the falls, and finding it peculiar that the rule of the road changed from right to left when she drove from the States into Canada. She looks back with cheerfulness on her experiences, which cannot all have been agreeable, when one remembers that the lives of all the family were overshadowed by "the Case." One gathers only indirectly that she sometimes felt resentment at the change in the family's position, when she began to realize how her father's disgrace had cut them off from their normal life as intimate friends of European royalty and nobility. A genealogical table shows the Gordon Cumming's direct descent from Charlemagne, with other royal names scattered through the collateral branches.

There is at least one good story to every page of Mrs. Napier's book. One that reveals her father's genius for making enemies, tells of his meeting in the courtyard of Buckingham Palace "a distinguished physician who at last—at long last—had been summoned to a most exalted bedside. 'Hullo,' said my father, 'what are you doing here? Is one of the servants sick?' "

Poverty and Picnics

By AUSTIN CAMPBELL

THE FAILURE—by George Vaizey—*Oxford—$2.75.*

MAIA—by Ronald Fraser—*Clarke, Irwin—$3.75.*

SPRING FEVER—by P. G. Wodehouse—*Longmans, Green—$2.25.*

IN VIEW of the British literary tradition of restrained emotion "The Failure" is a stirring contrast which will probe the reader's sympathy to the roots. It is about the silent bravery of a woman, alone in London, deserted by her husband, who has to fight and suffer for herself and her children. We know of no more sharply poignant tale.

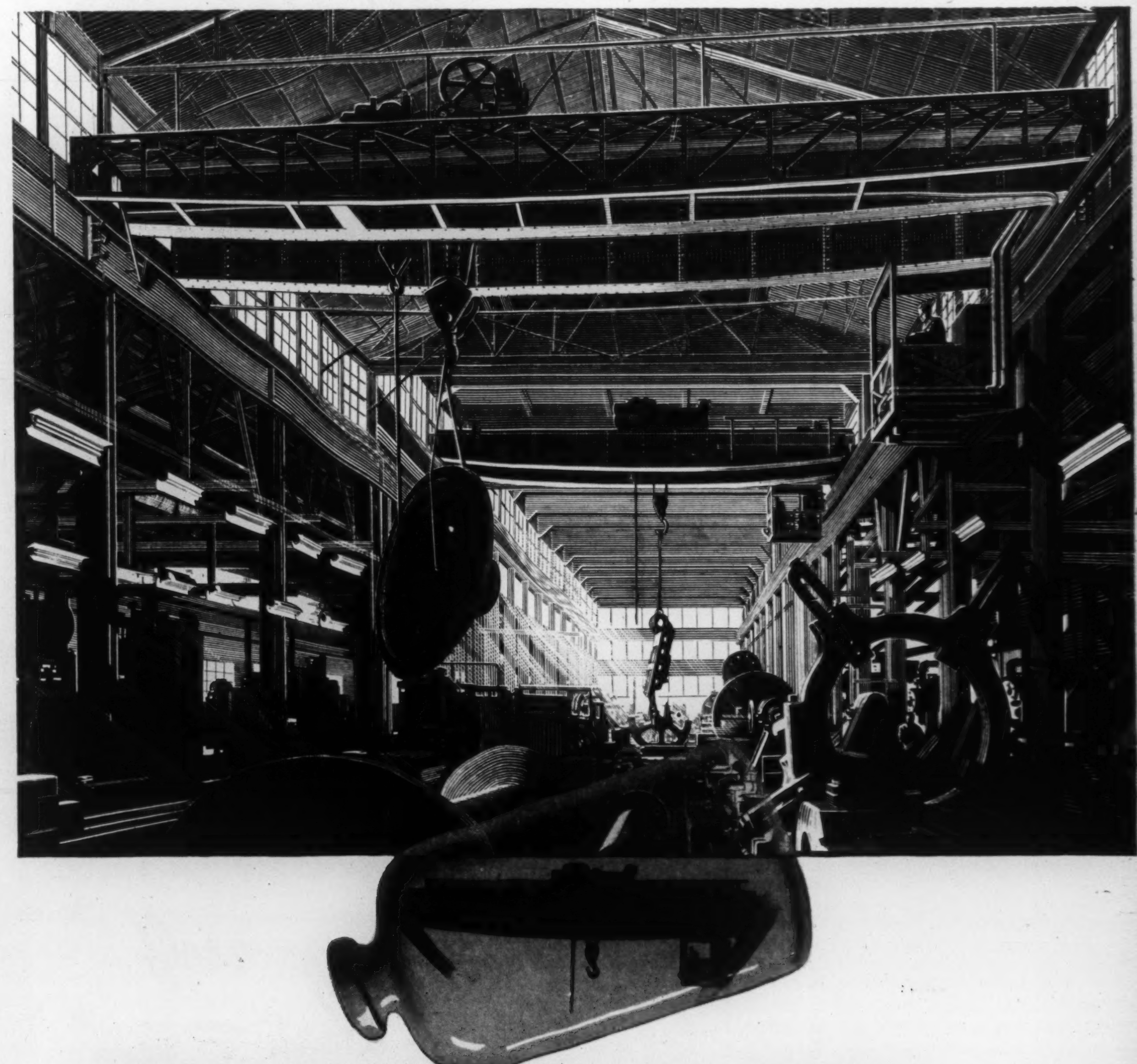
The plot is good and the action is painfully true to certain vicious traits in mass human nature. Realism is heaped on realism while the chief character makes her brave struggle against the numbing pain of exhaustion and the impending fear of starvation. Many women, in many of the great cities of the world, must have the same problems—poverty, sickness, lonely childbirth. Such women will understand how greatly Lorna suffered and how rich was her reward. The ending is a real surprise, both for its action and for its nobility.

It is a little hard, in this strident era of human destiny, to accept pages of philosophy, even if beautifully written, or paragraphs of mysticism, even if exquisitely suggested. Hard, that is, unless you read "Maia" as an escape from the vast drama of the world of 1948.

It is a story of cultured life in England with appetizing incidents of picnics on the sea shore both of Normandy and the Riviera. There is a passionate and tempestuous love story, but it resolves into the futility of all passion spent and an acceptance of the Buddhistic belief in the inevitable. In his conclusion the author states his case. "It is indispensable that people should come close together and form ties without possessiveness or emotional inflammation". This is perhaps very sensible and realistic but it seems to lack vitality.

This is a cheerful and at times amusing book. It will appeal to those who can read the mystery of eternity in the rhythms of a tree's branches against the long perspective of a brick wall in a back yard. Early in the book the author says that he owns a Piccaso. Perhaps that is why the book intrigues the mind but fails to clarify the theme.

There is, certainly, an investment profit (paid in grins, chuckles and deep guffaws) in "Spring Fever" latest product of the Wodehouse form of whimsy. Unlike many of his volumes of short stories, this book is a novel and actually has a good plot. Indeed the plot is so mixed up with moats, draw-bridges and other items of a medieval castle—not to overlook a pious hymn singing ex-burglar—that the reader may experience a literary spiffing before the spoofing is ended. Those who agree with W. S. Gilbert that a jester has a heart of lead, will wonder at the perennial vitality of Wodehouse's wit.



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BOOKS ON WORLD AFFAIRS

Douglas Reed On Sinister Plot Of Zionists And Bolsheviks

By WILLSON WOODSIDE

FROM SMOKE TO SMOTHER—by Douglas Reed—*Clarke, Irwin—$3.00.*

DOUGLAS REED doubtless will store away for a footnote in his next book Bernard Baruch's mention last week of "the forces of light and darkness." For in "From Smoke to Smother" Mr. Reed implies that the benign American-Jewish elder statesman and adviser to a long succession of presidents is a figure in a sinister plot to set up "a world dictatorship ruling the planet by atomic terror" (the Baruch Plan for U.N. atomic control), with its headquarters in Palestine and backed by the gold of Fort Knox.

Can it be a coincidence, he asks, that out of all the ruin of the Western world during 30 years only two groups have profited, the Communists and the political Zionists? Inevitably he shows how many Jews there were in the early Bolshevik leadership, and how many there still are in local Communist parties; and skips over the long and bitter Soviet opposition to Zionism to point out recent Soviet support for Israel and the pro-Soviet leanings of the Zionist extremists there.

Can it be a coincidence, he wants to know, that there was a great transference some years ago of Jewish masses from Russia to New York, where, held in the intimidatory grip of fanatical Zionists, they can be used to manipulate the policies of the wealthiest country in the world? (Their vote swings New York City, the city vote swings the state, and the New York state vote is a vital factor in presidential elections).

Selecting the Evidence

Can it be a coincidence that "that anonymous committee of a few score officials, which, God preserve us, is solemnly referred to as the 'United Nations'," has taken up its seat in a New York suburb and concentrated its attention, not on the many grievous problems of Europe, but on declaring war against the Arabs in the interests of the Zionists?

Nor does it escape Mr. Reed's sharp eye that the vast funds of U.N.R.R.A., though raised by the American, British and Canadian people, came under the control of two Zionists, Lehman and LaGuardia, and were used "mainly" to help Communist Russia and her satellites—in return for which Russia allowed new masses of Jews to migrate to Palestine. When General Morgan exposed this "planned" movement, the dark forces soon made shrift of him.

This is only a small sample of the "sinister design" which Douglas Reed "reveals" in his book, with no mean ability and, one fears, some plausibility to many readers. All the more so as he doesn't take his stand as an anti-semite. Here will be found no "vulgar antipathy to Jews as Jews."

Reed even performs the considerable feat of discussing the Protocols of the Elders of Zion and pronouncing them authentic, without appearing as an "anti-Semite." For, dropping the word "Zion" from the title, he regards the protocols as non-Jewish, or even anti-Jewish. They were set down "by Machiavellian plotters who saw in the use or misuse of the Jews and their plaints a good way of spreading strife and chaos in Europe." This document has proven to be "the blueprint of a world conspiracy which fifty years ago huddled in Russian cellars and today sits in the seats of the mighty and is largely successful."

But why give attention to such wild imaginings? It seems necessary because Douglas Reed gained a certain reputation through his remarkable success in "Insanity Fair" in predicting what Hitler would do. To some he still rates as a prophet.

He doesn't quote much from his mid-war book "All Our Tomorrows", a reading of which today will satisfactorily dispose of his claims to prophecy. In that book he predicted that "hidden forces" would prevent our all-out bombing of Germany, which he regarded as the sure road to victory, and make a deal with Germany before our armies had won a real victory over hers. Hitler would disappear by 1943 and we would be permitted to march into Berlin, through a country virtually untouched by war.

Reed further predicted that after a short occupation the British and Americans would pull out, and the Russians, disgusted, would follow suit. At that time, so far from the Communists being among the "dark forces", he classed as "imbeciles" those who were "obsessed" with the danger of Bolshevism, and who thought it wrong to put weapons in their hands.

In his new book he finds it was the master-plotters who put arms in the hands of the Communists, and part of their sinister design that our armies were halted in Europe and then withdrawn, to leave the Communists virtually masters of the continent. Bombing having been tried to the uttermost, demolishing his earlier prediction, he now finds that it was the delaying of our invasion by the dark forces that robbed us of real victory.

Why go on? Reed is one of those who have become obsessed with the "plot" theory of history: all of our modern ills spring from a secret conspiracy which has been developing since 1780. What caused the ills of the world before that he doesn't say—or why the "hidden forces" couldn't prevent the Jewish massacre. Does the reader remember how many people believed that if only Hitler, Mussolini and Tojo were destroyed, we would have a happy world? And how many appear to believe today that if only the Communists could all be locked up, everything would be sweet and lovely. Don't believe it for a moment!

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"What's The Matter With Old McGill?"

(*Continued from Page 3*)

of state universities felt that universities should turn out accountants and advertising executives and even, Heaven forbid, journalists, and the function of the scholar was to be that of a coach or crammer fitting students for business or professional life. Students looked to universities to provide them first with a degree and then with a certain method of entering the higher income brackets.

It may be partly a result of this trend that today there is so little thinking on public issues in the U.S.A., so few appeals to logic and so much drum-beating and slogan-chanting. Certainly there does not seem to be any large body of opinion governed by reason or an appeal to first principles.

That is a symptom of the lack of intellectual leadership in the U.S.A., a lack that is also felt here. The McGill Plan will help to remedy this situation if the planners achieve any success at all. They mean to provide education and to develop intellect, and pressure from without will not force them into becoming a glorified vocational school (and that is no reflection on vocational schools, which ought also to be an important part of our educational system).

The new McGill means to keep up her pre-eminence in medicine and surgery, and with her new cyclotron she will naturally be a leader in nuclear physics. She also means to attain pre-eminence in the humanities and the social sciences, and is going about the business of gaining it by gathering scholars from all parts of the world to strengthen her faculty.

Dr. James, the principal, feels that it is the first duty of the executive head of a university to get the very best men possible for his faculty, and then to grant them the greatest possible academic freedom. Dr. H. N. Fieldhouse, dean of Arts and Sciences, says it is better to have a first class eye looking through a third class microscope than a third class eye looking through a first class microscope. He wasn't, he told me, in case there was any doubt, speaking ophthalmologically.

Men, therefore, come first in the McGill Plan, but there are other things needed as well to build or expand a great university: books, buildings and equipment. And naturally, money.

What Is Needed

In connection with the McGill Plan, the university through its alumni and friends is carrying on an energetic drive for funds, with an immediate objective of more than $9,000,000.

The breakdown of this sum is as follows: for the pension fund, $3,000,000;. for teaching staff endowment, $2,000,000; for the Redpath Library, $1,136,000; for the physical and biological sciences, $1,830,000; social sciences, $507,000; Faculty of Law and medical library, each $250,000; and for a modern languages house, $100,000.

The emphasis is on men. Five million dollars is wanted to provide the necessary money for salaries and pensions to attract the best men to McGill. If the other expenditures seem to lean heavily to the physical and biological sciences, it must be remembered that plant requirements for the humanities are not large, the minimum being a log with a professor at one end and a disciple at the other.

To implement the basic aim of the plan, academic freedom is a prime necessity. Stephen Leacock, a great McGill professor (and, it is fair to add, a Toronto graduate) discussed the subject admirably in an essay entitled "Oxford as I saw it."

In the days of his youth, Leacock said, professors were bearded and imposing men who did just about whatever they pleased. By and large there was nobody with the power or temerity to question them about their "production" or how they spent their time.

Then came the day of the businessman university president, who was more pre-occupied with raising money or squaring the government than with fostering scholarship. He was interested in showing results, and quick results. He goaded professors into driving their students through examinations. Professors had to show something tangible in return for their salaries, and that something was not scholarship.

Dr. James is a business man, an expert on money and banking, and certainly McGill under his leadership is in the middle of a campaign for funds; but Dr. James is something more as well. He is a teacher: in addition to his administrative functions, he teaches a freshman class of 350 students and conducts graduate seminars. Also, he is a strong advocate of academic freedom and scholarship.

He says that the main obligations of a university are to preserve our cultural heritage, to expand the frontiers of human knowledge, to train —and more important, to educate— the men and women who will be the leaders in Canadian life, and to inspire young people to develop their minds and personalities so that they can contribute to the well-being of the community.

If McGill's planning for the future leads to a greater popularity in general for the academic studies and injects a little more scholarship and science into the social sciences and engineering, many will rejoice. A McGill engineer told me recently that in spite of his good engineering training, he felt that he lacked the mathematical and scientific background when he embarked on his career; to make up the lack, he spent years of evening study. He now feels that this was what he should have learned at the university; it would be easier to learn engineering on the job than mathematics.

The same sort of thing is being said by engineers from many schools, and a result of their saying them is the rise in courses like engineering physics. While specialized knowledge is of great importance, the equal or greater importance of abstract principles is now being recognized in places where it was, a few years ago, not recognized.

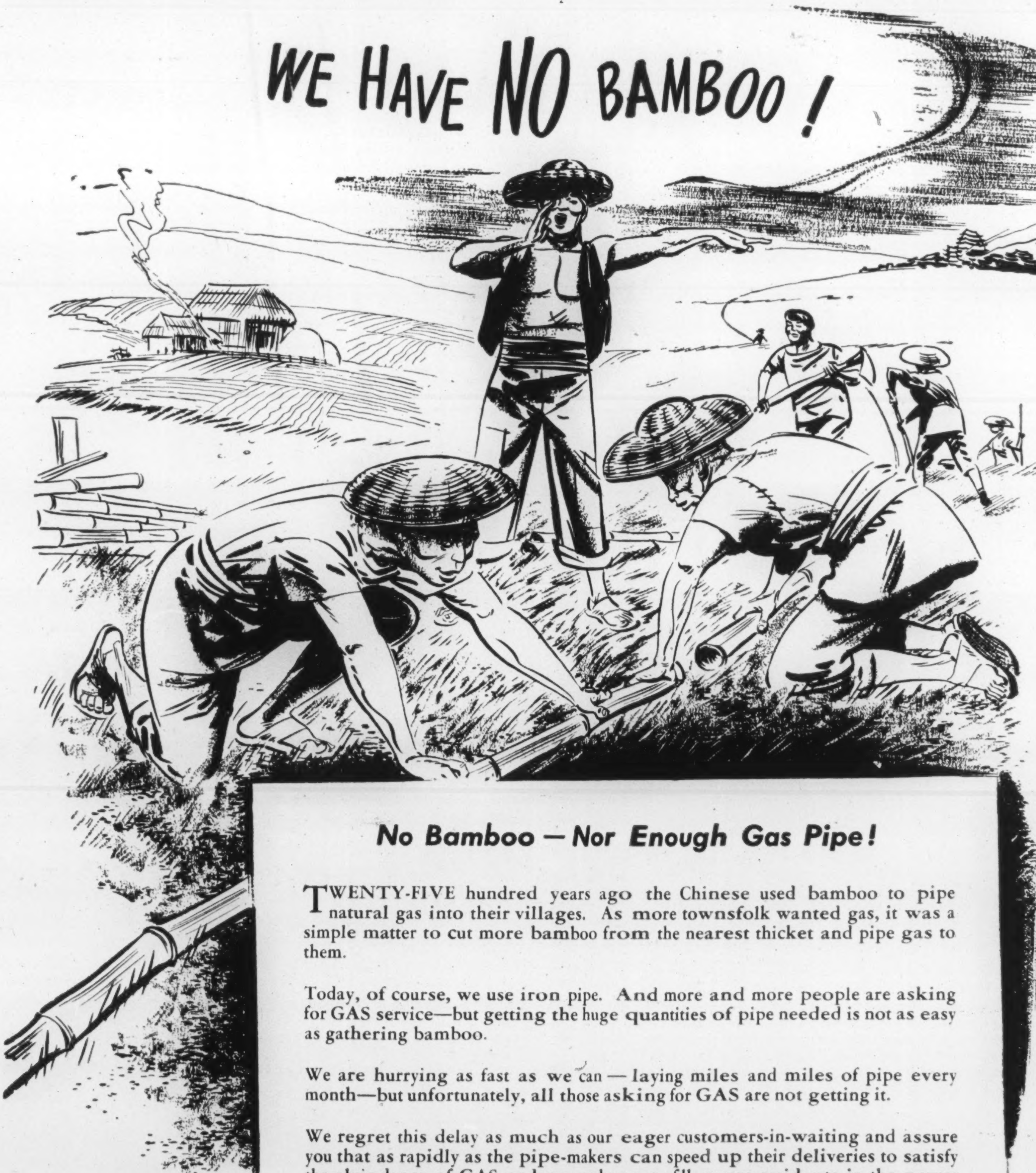
This applies very strongly to the field of social sciences, which attempted to be experimental or exact sciences on the one hand, and to solve concrete problems on the other with more zeal than efficiency. A social scientist is credited with the statement that, if 600 physicists could sit down and invent the atomic bomb, then 600 social scientists could sit down and abolish racial prejudice, by gosh.

Making Whole Men

McGill's noted graduates in the past have been whole men, and the present credo should insure that McGill will continue to produce whole men. Just to choose one example from the past, Sir William Osler, a McGill graduate and faculty member, whose earliest university education was at Trinity College, Toronto, became the greatest physician of his day, and influenced physicians and the practice of medicine everywhere. He was a scientist, and he was a builder; he was virtually founder of the Johns Hopkins medical school in Baltimore.

Yet in addition to this, he was an amateur of the classics, and one of the best-read men of his time. His knowledge embraced the great literature of England, France and Germany, as well as the ancient classical authors, and he left a library that was considered one of the finest private collections inn the world.

Here was a man of great specialized knowledge, who was no narrow specialist, a man of broad human sympathies who achieved great things. If McGill can produce more men like Osler—and I have no doubt that she will—the people who contribute the necessary funds for expansion will have made a good investment.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LONDON LETTER

Health Scheme Dodgers Will Soon Find They Haven't A Chance

By P. O'D.

London.

WELL over a million people, it is estimated, have not applied for their insurance cards under the new national health scheme. Some of them, no doubt, are people not obliged to make contributions because their age is so high or their income so low. But a good many, also beyond doubt, are people who should be contributing but are not, because of carelessness or some mistaken idea about the legal position, or simply because they dislike the scheme and are being mulish about it. They are, of course, liable to prosecution and punishment.

The law is clear enough on the subject. The ordinary citizen is not obliged to register with a doctor as a panel patient. He is not even obliged to apply for an insurance card. But he is obliged to buy health stamps at so much a week, and it is obviously convenient to have something to stick them on, so that they can be sent in at the end of each period.

Spread over so many recalcitrants the loss to the Treasury must be considerable. Those funny little bits of paper are by no means cheap—in the case of a so-called "self-employed" man, over six shillings a week. But the loss, of course, is only temporary. Sooner or later the tax-hounds will get on the trail of those who are foxing, and they will be run to earth. But up to now the hounds haven't been turned loose. They have done no more than strain on their leashes and bay threateningly.

In a country where so much is controlled and rationed there is very little difficulty about catching up with the tax-dodgers. A rule that you couldn't get your food-ration books without showing your insurance card would do the trick very effectively. Those who didn't buy their health stamps would soon find they couldn't eat. But it would be an exceedingly unpopular measure, and the authorities are loath to employ it. They will probably go on threatening and coaxing for a while longer.

Men's New Edwardian Look

Remember the way men used to dress in Edwardian days? If you don't—after all, it is quite a long time ago—let me remind you of the narrow sloping shoulders without any padding, or very little, the tight-fitting trousers, the short overcoats not much longer than the jackets they covered, the velvet collars, the bowler hats. Sounds rather funny, doesn't it? Looks rather funny, too. But that, my poor brothers, is what we are all coming back to.

It may be that Savile Row sets the fashion for men's clothes—in this country, at any rate—but it will be a long time before the male population of the streets will look much different. Not many can afford new clothes, and still fewer have the necessary coupons. But when we do manage to buy a new suit or overcoat, this is what our tailor will probably try to do to us. I have no doubt that he will have his way. The bowler hats have already arrived, and the rest will gradually follow. We shall have to get used to looking as if we had just stepped out of an old family album. We've been warned.

Improvements for Nurses

Nursing as a profession goes back to very early times. We know that in ancient Rome they had houses for the care of the sick; and the monasteries and convents of the Middle Ages accepted such care as part of their religious duties. But organized nursing, as we understand it today, is largely the work of Florence Nightingale, and is to that extent a British institution. This however has not prevented British nursing from lagging considerably behind the standards now attained in other countries.

I do not mean that there are not in this country nurses as good as any in the world. There are many of them. But I do mean that the general level of training and efficiency is not so high as it should be.

Some women are born nurses and would take it up as a sort of mission in life, no matter what the pay and conditions. Unfortunately there are not very many of these. The average young woman has found the work too hard, the training too much a matter of mere drudgery, the discipline too harsh, and the pay too small. As a result there is a general shortage of properly trained nurses.

Now, partly as a result of the establishment of the new National Health Service, a strong effort is being made to improve conditions in the profession, especially for probationers, and so to attract recruits to it. Basic allowances for student nurses have just been increased from £145 to £200 a year.

It is said that these increases will apply to nearly 50,000 students. If they live in the hospital they will pay £100 for their keep, but they will have the right to live out, and will get free uniforms, laundry, and meals when on duty. There are also to be additional allowances for dependents.

Altogether it would seem that all reasonable demands are being met, though there is still plenty of room for improvement in working conditions in many hospitals. No doubt that will come in time. It will have to, if they want nurses.

Handsome Gift

The latest gift to Oxford University is the majestic one of £1,500,000 from a French shipowner who modestly prefers to remain anonymous. He says he has employed many Oxford men in his business and has found them particularly good. He believes in English methods of university education as developing initiative and character. He wishes also to do what he can to strengthen the ties between the two nations, and he thinks this one of the best ways of doing it. Seldom has a university received a handsomer compliment.

The money is to be devoted to the establishment of a new college to be known as St. Anthony's. It is to be organized on the same lines as other Oxford colleges, but very naturally and properly a special preference is to be given to French students. As to the name of the college, which was probably suggested by its French founder, the choice is regarded as particularly appropriate. St. Anthony of Padua is the saint who is believed by the faithful to recover lost articles. Where could he be better installed than in "the home of lost causes?"

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SPORTING LIFE

The Outdoorsman's Guide

By KIMBALL McILROY

MANY men, and some women, are occasionally afflicted, along with hangovers and the blind staggers, by an inclination to set forth for The Great Outdoors. Perhaps this is the result of an unhappy home life. Perhaps it is merely the urge to take out, on some unsuspecting bird, beast, or bass, the pent-up spleen aroused by continued association with other human beings or facsimiles thereof such as streetcar passengers, women shoppers, and prohibitionists.

Whatever the reason, these hardy escapists take rod or gun in hand, dress up to resemble a renovated Izaak Walton or Dan'l Boone, and, as mentioned above, move out into the great open spaces. There they may step into (and as likely as not out of) a canoe, take to the woodlands on foot, or huddle down in some dank and dismal blind to spend a few hours staring at the sky. In any case, it goes under the heading of fun.

As a civic duty, this department supplies herewith a few comments upon the outdoor life and the pertinent activities there conducted.

FISHING is the only pastime wherein a man may honorably pick on somebody smaller than himself. Usually much smaller. Smaller than you'd think was possible. The compensating factor, of course, lies in the fact that the fish is also not infrequently smarter.

No fish would ever let himself get caught, probably, were it not that he has almost nothing to lose, a fish's life being uninteresting in the extreme and very wet. A fish's life is dangerous, too, what with having to be constantly alert against the possibility of impaling himself on a passing lure. If he escapes being caught, which he usually does, he is simply eaten by some larger fish, which in turn . . . and so on. The fate of these larger fish is one of the major mysteries of fishing. One never sees them, though one often hears of them. They have the strange habit of getting on and off hooks. This is known among fishermen as "getting away" and happens only to fish of breath-taking proportions. It is likely that fish themselves employ some other term for it. Or perhaps they don't mention it at all.

Fishing can be done in a number of ways. There is "still fishing", a method whereby the ingenious and slothful can fool the public for hours through simple failure to bait the hook. Fish do not strike at an unbaited hook, and seldom at any other kind. "Fly fishing" has many adherents since the fly fisherman enjoys few dull moments, having such a nice large amount of line with which to entangle himself, his companions, and any neighboring flora. Fly fishermen are usually after trout, a small but rather pretty fish, or salmon, which also come attractively packaged from the cannery.

Deep-sea fishing is said to be fun, and may be, although it doesn't sound much like it. Here the fish come somewhat heavier, often as heavy as the fisherman himself, which as anyone can see conjures up an interesting picture with many engaging possibilities: a long length of stout cord with a large man at one end and a large fish at the other. Sometimes the man pulls the fish into the boat and sometimes the fish pulls the man into the sea. If the man catches the fish he hangs him up on a scale and has his photograph taken; if the fish catches the man no one knows *what* he does with him. Eats him, maybe. It's probably nothing pleasant in any event.

That about winds up fishing. A man named Isaak Walton once wrote a book about fishing. The book sold very well. This was many years ago. If it had occurred today, Mr. Walton would undoubtedly have gone to Hollywood and we would have had a series of fishing pictures. They might have been very good.

The hunter is normally equipped with a red hat, a coat with lots of game pockets, and a gun. The purpose of the hat is to provide a sporting target not likely to be overlooked in the bush. The gun is for shooting assorted wild livestock, other hunters when available, or, frequently, the hunter himself. The purpose of the coat with all the game pockets is rather obscure; they are rarely used.

Hunters fall into several categories (actually, they fall into all sorts of things) depending upon the species of bird or animal which is to be the object of their wistful pursuit.

Duck hunters hunt ducks. A duck hunter takes refuge in a damp and muddy place called a "blind" and waits for a flock of ducks to fly overhead. A flock of ducks seldom does this, so it is often a long wait for all concerned. The blind normally has a screen of reeds around it, so that the ducks can't see the duck hunter's gun and other duck hunters can't see the duck hunter's bottle. Duck hunters are prone to catch pneumonia or, at best, rheumatism. Very rarely are they prone to catch ducks.

Other hunters like to chase after pheasants and grouse and snipe and such. Often, a dog is used. (Dogs are sometimes employed for retrieving ducks, too. For this purpose it is best to have a dog that is not afraid of the water. All dogs can swim, but many don't like it very much.) The dogs are usually pointers or setters, or like to think of themselves that way. They point to where the bird is and then set down and wait for you to shoot it. As soon as you have failed to do this, the dog points to another bird, or sometimes the same one. Bird dogs are very patient, and have to be. They acquire a very high opinion of birds and a very low opinion of hunters. The dog thinks that he could do a lot better without the hunter, and very probably he could, too.

The deer is an animal who gets around a lot in hunting circles. The deer is not an offensive animal—unless he is hung too long—but he is fast on his feet. No experienced deer is particularly worried about being shot at, but he learns to look out for ricochets, which can be tricky. Your veteran deer soon learns, too, not to stand too close to a hunter. Some other hunter might miss.

Sometimes the deer hunter will suddenly come upon a bear. Fortunately, the average bear is not a vindictive animal. Usually it is pretty safe, after a few days, to go back to where you dropped your rifle.

HUNTERS who find time hanging heavily on their hands often go to Africa and other out-of-the-way places after "big" game. This term includes elephants, lions and tigers, rhinoceroses, and probably Ernest Hemingway. Setting up one of these expeditions is quite a business, in the movies anyway. Sometimes big game hunters shoot some big game, but not often. However, the natives always keep a good supply on hand and will let it go dirt cheap.

The last outdoorman to be considered here is the hiker. The hiker might be defined as a hunter who leaves his gun at home. He knows better than to carry that heavy thing. It is an amazing fact that hikers see a great deal more game than hunters do. In this connection, they are much like people sitting on a summer cottage dock, before whom fish jump right and left in such profusion as to spoil the view. Fish do not jump like this in the presence of fishermen. It may be that they are shy, though few authorities confirm this.

The outdoors life is a very good life, so long as adequate precautions are taken. The outdoors in summer is very hot. Heat prostration is a danger which may be guarded against by the thoughtful addition to the outdoor kit of a thermos bottle filled with chilled lemonade, well-flavored. The outdoors in winter is very cold. The same thermos should be carried, but full of coffee, well-flavored. In the Spring and Fall the weather outdoors is practically ideal, but who knows when he's likely to be bitten by a snake?

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FILM PARADE

Stately Crime In XIXth Century And Slick Crime In The XXth

By MARY LOWREY ROSS

ALTHOUGH the English film "Blanche Fury" can't lay claim to impressive literacy it has a certain Bronte-esque quality: a great deal of mannered elegance and class awareness, combined with a fierce sense of doom. In mood, detail and melodramatic intensity it is pure Nineteenth Century. Only the budgeting is Twentieth.

The story has to do with a beautiful and penniless heroine (Valerie Hobson) who is engaged as governess by her wealthy relatives, owners of a fabulous English estate. The governess, who is ambitious, has her eye on the father of her little charge, and presently she succeeds in marrying him. Meanwhile she has fallen tempestuously in love with the head-groom (played with splendid moroseness by Stewart Granger) who is not only the only Plantagenet in the lot, but the rightful heir, at any rate in his own eyes, to the family estate. This infatuation leads to adultery and presently to murder, both of which lapses the heroine takes easily in her stride. In fact, she doesn't show any signs of moral fastidiousness until her lover begins to think of clearing away the last obstacle to ownership by disposing of the eight-year-old heir. The high principle and rich womanliness which Blanche displays at the end of the film will come as a surprise only to people who expect normal, consecutive behavior from characters in melodrama.

On the credit side "Blanche Fury" is sumptuously produced, with Tudor backgrounds that are breath-taking in their richness. Both direction and acting, too, have considerable drive and intensity. Valerie Hobson, even if she is unable to give complete consistency to the character of the heroine, is always lovely to look at. She is one of the most beautiful women on the English screen, and even in the familiar attitudes and tones of technicolor cinema she contrives to convey from moment to moment all the style and splendor of a Sargent portrait.

Spry Directing, Low Budget

For movie-goers who prefer their melodrama slick rather than stately, there is "Larceny," a film whose spry direction and dialogue helps to compensate for its lower-price budgeting.

Hollywood pictures are frequently at their best, simply as brisk entertainment, when dealing with the fascinating operations of confidence men in a world that is never bright enough to outwit them, even if it is morally equipped to catch up with them in the end. "Larceny," which belongs in this category, is a pretty good slickie, whose chief weakness is that the grafters' victims are so childishly trusting that they hardly seem worth the ingenuity exerted to take their money from them. Chief victim is Joan Caulfield, as a wealthy young war-widow, eager to part with her money in a good cause. It is no trick at all to wheedle her into raising funds for a community youth centre, the beneficiaries of which will be operator Dan Duryea and front-man John Payne. "Who says I'm not a business woman?" she asks gleefully, writing out a $100,000 cheque and handing it to John Payne, whose rueful expression seemed to indicate not so much compunction for his victim as a feeling that this was too much like shooting fish in a barrel.

The trouble is that all the good community-minded people in "Larceny" are so weak-headed that one's natural sympathy is thrown badly off balance. By contrast the evil doers—especially Dan Duryea in one of his more amiably malignant moods and Shelley Winters as a gun moll with plenty of hard, bright spirit—seem like people you might enjoy entertaining in your own home, though they would undoubtedly make off with the flatware.

I guess the only moral to be derived from "Larceny" is that it is always best to consult the Better Business Bureau before making out $100,000 cheques payable to bearer.

•

"The Night Has A Thousand Eyes" is a fairly routine drama of the occult, starring Edward G. Robinson. The latter is cast as a stage mind-reader who operates to piano cues. Then one evening right in the middle of a performance he discovers that he actually has the faculty of clairvoyance and can foretell events and disasters at a distance. This unexpected gift of supernatural equipment, far from gratifying him professionally, actually gives him the creeps and makes it impossible for him to operate. He can't escape his fatal faculty, however, and in the end it involves him not only with the police but with the inevitable pair of university psychologists. These two, after a discussion of extra-sensory perception, just to show they have kept up with their reading, dismiss the whole affair as hallucination. Of course, the supernatural triumphs as it was bound to do and the professors are left to digest as well as they can a psychological phenomenon that can't be proved statistically. Thanks to Edward G. Robinson's vigorous performance, the film is reasonably entertaining. However, it isn't calculated to satisfy the students of extra-sensory perception or to upset the believers in rationally applied psychology.

SWIFT REVIEW

THE PARADINE CASE. Court-room melodrama, directed by Alfred Hitchcock. Though better-than-average entertainment it is rather disappointing Hitchcock. With Gregory Peck, Ann Todd, Valli.

SORRY, WRONG NUMBER. Expanded movie-version of the radio horror-playlet. Though obviously contrived in plot it contains plenty of convincing terror. With Barbara Stanwyck, Burt Lancaster.

THE SAXON CHARM. A thoroughgoing case history of a Broadway heel. As the central figure Robert Montgomery is able to convey considerably more charm than is written into the script.

Gordon Jeffrey, organist, will be assisted by London Chamber Orchestra in Eaton Auditorium, November 3, at a concert which is being sponsored by St. Bartholomew's Church.

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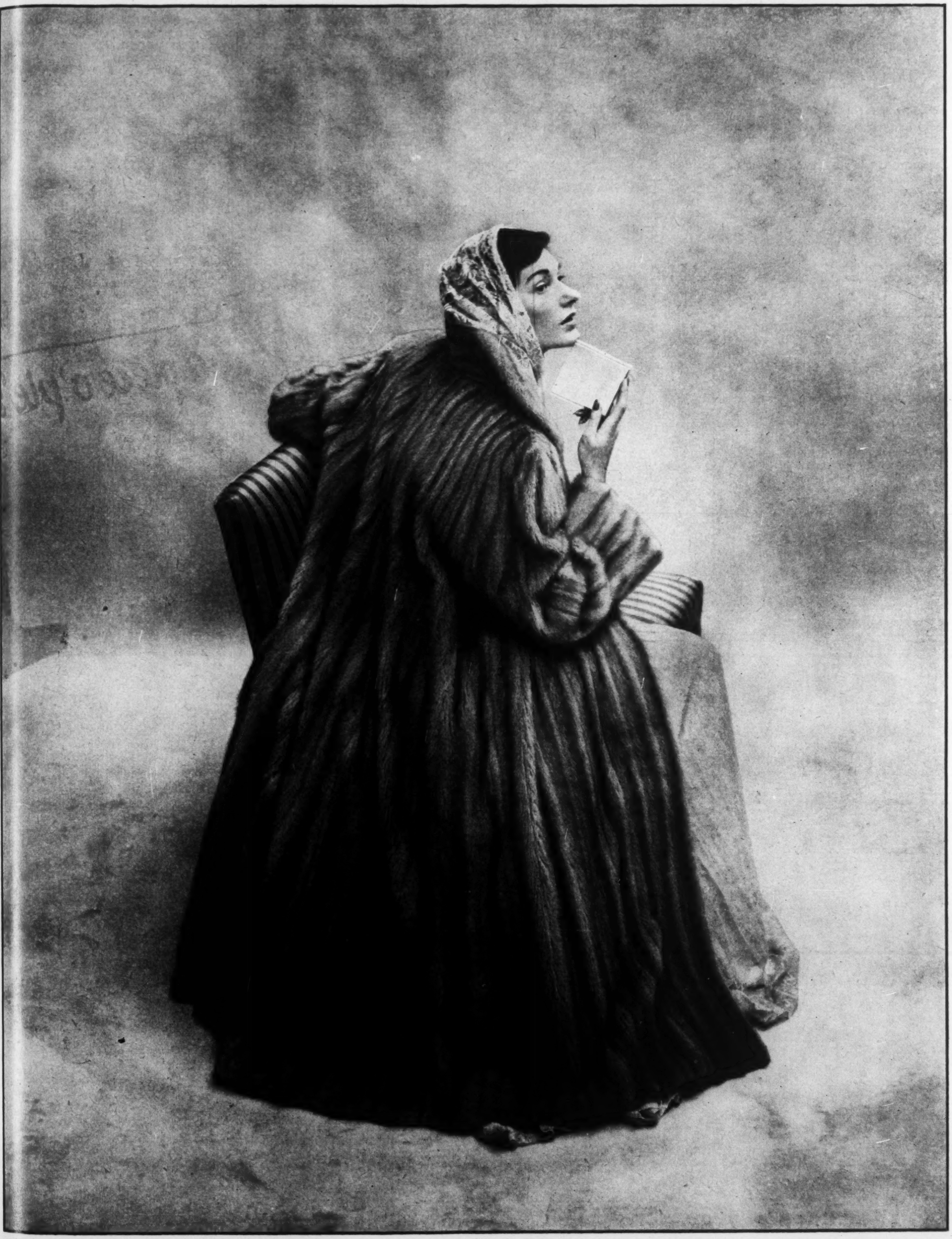

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BERNICE COFFEY, *Editor*

WAGES OF WAR

No Appetite For Food Or Life In France

By GERTRUDE LANGRIDGE

Paris.

HOW often do we hear a Canadian child at dinner time say, "No thank you, Mother. I'm not hungry"? How often does a Canadian child refuse a piece of cake? How often must a Canadian child be urged and coaxed to eat his meal—especially if he happens to be a boy of 15?

Yet that is what I hear daily from the four French children where I am visiting in Paris. There is enough food now for them to eat. There is not great abundance nor great variety of food on the table to be sure, for food costs are very high and rations are irregular. Nevertheless their meals are adequate. But they lack appetite. They have no desire to eat. They go long hours without eating and never ask for a snack. Even when we picnic in the woods after a long cycle ride, there is the same refrain, *"Non merci, Maman, je n'ai pas faim."*

Take, for example, the day we went to the Forest of Fontainebleau. We had breakfast at seven, the usual round of two of the small French loaf—very grey this summer—and a cup of clear tea for us grown-ups, a small bowl of milk for the children. As usual they would have left their milk had mother not checked them.

Then we set off at once and cycled across Paris, an hour's ride through the Saturday morning traffic to the railway station. There we found hundreds of people queueing for the trains, a forest of bicycles waiting to be checked. It was August 1, the day all Paris moves to the country. We must then struggle and wait until after 12 for our train to Fontainebleau. It was moreover a very, very hot day.

By this time I began to feel parched. I'd have given a lot for a refreshing drink. Yet no one else even mentioned hunger or thirst, neither the children nor their parents, and politeness forbade my suggesting food or drink under these circumstances. Fortunately I discovered a package of Canadian Life Savers in my bag and we all sucked one apiece. Philippe the fifteen-year-old refused a second Life Saver however. We were two hours in that train and still no word of hunger or thirst.

Finally we got off and mounted our bicycles to ride the mile or so into the town of Fontainebleau to visit the Chateau. It was a hot ride in the sun up to the Park gates. My tongue was hanging out. There it was decided that Philippe and I should visit the Chateau, however, and see its treasures while the others waited. If we went first to the Forest for lunch, they said, we would never leave it in time to see the Chateau.

No Hunger

By this time though I could stand no more. "I must have a drink of water," I panted, "otherwise I shall not enjoy the Chateau, no matter how beautiful." My friends were all concern. But there was no fountain, no water; so Raoul, my host, suggested we all go across the road to the cafe for beer and French pastry. "We'll have our dessert first," said he laughing, "and then we'll have lunch later." Even then Philippe the fifteen-year-old did not want to come along. He wanted to stay and watch the bicycles. It was only when I went back and literally dragged him over that he consented to join us in the spot of food and drink!

That was three o'clock. It was five by the time we had seen the wonders of the Chateau and then ridden a mile or two back into the lovely Forest of Fontainebleau. Only then did we sit down for our picnic, amused and laughing at our strange hour for eating lunch.

Yet the thing that impressed me was that in all those hours no child had mentioned hunger, nor asked for a candy, a drink or even a plum. These French children simply are not hungry. They are not scrawny, but they are thin and undersized and pale.

The seven-year-old is now wearing very prettily a Canadian dress made for a four-year-old. Apparently they do not lack energy, running around merrily in play. Then suddenly they wilt. They drop off into deep sleep on the sofa, or in the train. They catch cold at every turn, they develop stys on their eyes. Their mother is at her wits' end trying to tempt their appetites, trying to make them eat. But the habit of eating little and eating poorly lasted too long.

There were the four years of occupation, two more years that were worse rather than better from the feeding angle. Six years of underfeeding has undermined the children's appetites and feeding habits. Their mother told me that one evening in the cold winter of '46 when fuel was terribly scarce she had only enough gas either to heat soup for supper, or water for hot water bottles. She consulted the children who chose hot water bottles for bed and no soup. These are the children of war. The effects do not pass easily on growing bodies.

The same story of debility I hear on all sides. We meet a friend in the street and my friend asks "How is Marie, Clothilde?" Then afterwards she tells me, "They have had to send their little girl to a clinic in the mountains. Her lungs are weak." I call next day on another friend who shows me a book on General Lechere. "I am sending it to my young nephew who has tuberculosis and likes to read," she explains. "There are a lot of children of 13 and 14 these days who have lung trouble . . . Is it the same thing with you in Canada?"

And it is not only lungs. Today they have taken my friend's brother to hospital. A complete collapse, they said. He is a young man man of 24. A month ago he came to see us, a fine looking fellow, apparently robust and full of vigor. But his story is not an uncommon one. He was just 16 when the German army came in 1940. He had to flee in the night, alone with his young brother of 13. The two youngsters made their way

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BRAIN-TEASER

Puzzle for Pranksters

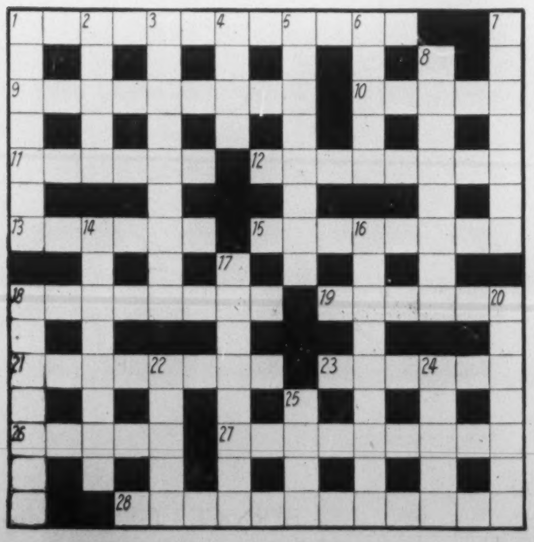
By LOUIS and DOROTHY CRERAR

ACROSS

1. Hallow-e'en precedes it. (3-6, 3)
9. If you don't like your looks, this will change them on Hallow-e'en. (5, 4)
10. Did this poetic description of the "little island" go to England's head? (5)
11. Universal order and harmony. (6)
12. The Master-of-ceremonies leaves the Clan McNish. (8)
13. The remains of your reputation after a hen party. (6)
15. They get lit, but not 9, on Hallow-e'en. (8)
18. Legends of the people. (4, 4)
19. Where you'll get your spirits raised, perhaps. (6)
21. Old bones, in the closet? (8)
23. Mab goes around in a tree to preserve her body. (6)
26. It's silly to return a pen in it. (5)
27. For a change vice is not the only reason for these nowadays. (9)
28. Saint-Saens' musical picture of Hallow-e'en revels of the 21 type. (French). (5, 7)

DOWN

1. Puts on an act. (7)
2. How a lullaby composes. (5)
3. An old idea turned over in the head. (9)
4. It was double or nothing with this early sailor. (4)
5. A cry in the night of Oct. 31. (5, 3)
6. "Flow gently, sweet . . . . . , among thy green braes". (5)
7. They sweep through the air with the greatest of ease. (7)
8. No! It comes up after I have gin split on my head, caused by sparking. (8)
14. Policemen will be, in more ways than one, when Hallow-e'en is over. (8)
16. Most tires are. (9)
17. Soldiers who get a poor rest. (8)
18. Sport with a catch to it. (7)
20. Ma's seen in a body. (2, 5)
22. A little more hopeful in Hollywood? (5)
24. A lot more, yet nothing more, than just a bomb. (1-4)
25. In camera. (4)



Solution for Last Week's Puzzle

ACROSS

1. Cubist
4. June bugs
10. Sultana
11. Insulin
12. A cappella
13. Nuage
14. Dread
16. Appliance
18. Dust-sheet
20. Laden
23. Bedew
24. Vancouver
26. Sweeten
27. Animate
28. Distrust
29. Creepy

DOWN

1. Custard
2. Ballade
3. Swamp
5. Utica
6. Essential
7. Unlearn
8. Sincere
9. Palliate
15. Dish-water
17. Petunias
18. Debased
19. Saddens
21. Deviate
22. Nursery
24. Venus
25. Osier

For the benefit of those who have not previously worked this type of puzzle, the compilers would like to point out that anagrams are often placed in the clues with words before or after them to help you, such as change, upset, turn, about, etc., but sometimes it is left to your own ingenuity to spot them.

Figures in brackets denote the number of letters in the word or words of the answer.

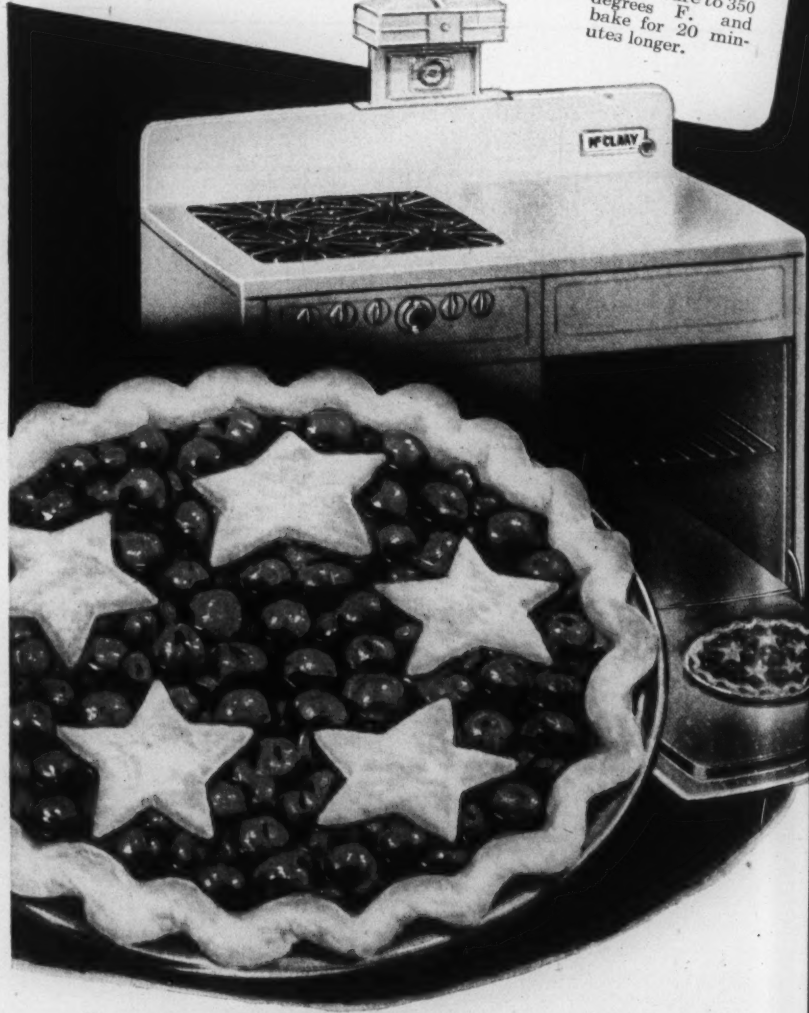
How about a piece o'pie?

CANNED CHERRY PIE

1 (8-inch) pie shell, baked
¼ teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon cornstarch
2 tablespoons granulated sugar
1 cup fruit syrup
2 teaspoons butter
⅓ teaspoon almond extract
2 cups drained canned cherries

Prepare and bake pastry shell and cut-outs for top. Combine salt, cornstarch and sugar in saucepan. Add fruit syrup slowly. Cook over direct heat, stirring constantly, until thick. Add butter and almond extract then gently fold fruit into sauce. Allow mixture to cool. Pour into baked pastry shell. Place pastry cut-outs on top.

NOTE: If desired, cooled cherry filling may be put into an unbaked pie shell and covered with pastry. Bake at 450 degrees F. for 10 minutes Reduce temperature to 350 degrees F. and bake for 20 minutes longer.



PIE AT ITS BEST requires perfect baking, and perfect baking calls for the perfect oven. You'll certainly bake pies to perfection in the oven of a McClary gas or electric stove. The McClary oven is completely encased in layers of "Fiberglas" for permanent insulation. With the new "oven heat control", you'll be sure of the exact oven heat you want.

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furtively and by night from hiding place to hiding place, always moving to escape the Boches. For four months they must ever be on the move, no news from home, able to send no message back, just two lads away from home for the first time. Finally they risked the return home. But André, sixteen, had .to continue this life of a hunted creature. He had to furnish himself with false identity papers. His real documents he buried beneath the pantry stones by the back door. For four years this boy lived that life of tension while the Boches were at his door.

Since the liberation André has been studying architecture which is a strenuous course. This year in May he had to prepare exacting plans for his work and undergo a severe examination. The strain proved more than he could bear. His nerves snapped. Today he has no strength, no will. He is like a man ill many weeks of a fever. They have taken him to a hospital for nervous disorders to undergo treatment. The young specialist who came yesterday to examine him remarked that André is one of many young men.

André's weariness is an acute form of the weariness I see everywhere in Paris. It struck me at once as I walked in the crowds on the street or travelled with them in the bus and subway. The eye has lost its sparkle and the mouth is drawn and weary. There is animation, of course, when two friends meet by chance, embrace, shake hands and chatter at full speed. Then one gets off at the next stop and the other lapses into a passive gaze. The French people as I see them in Paris strike me as a nation of infinitely weary people.

Is it any wonder that they seem to lack energy in their public affairs? Is it surprising that they feel bitter and disillusioned about their faulty food distribution, the Black Market and the high cost of living? Is it really to be expected that they should react by more than a shrug of the shoulder to each new government crisis?

This summer they seemed to be pinning their hopes on a good harvest to bring some comfort to their lives. It had been raining and cold in Paris and my hostess said she woke up to hear pouring rain in the night and think to herself, "Oh dear, again the crops will be a failure and this winter bread will still be short and rationed and it will still be dark and nasty. If only we had a good crop of grain!" However the country folk reported high hopes of the harvest.

Certainly as I journeyed by train to the Loire valley the fields of grain looked rich and lovely. The stooks of grain neatly piled in criss-cross formed an even and regular pattern like knots in a counterpane. Here and there were still horse drawn wagons being loaded by peasants, a picture indeed. But are these fields not sometimes very small, alternating with a patch of vegetables or a field of vines? I could not but think that in that arrangement of farm land there must be a waste of man-power. French agriculture is undoubtedly picturesque. Is it as efficient as modern economic pressure demands?

These thoughts perhaps have seemingly wandered a long way from the children's "No thank you, Mother, I'm not hungry." But I can only wonder and suspect to what extent the present French crisis is due to a lack of Vitamn B1, that vitamin that gives appetite, whether it be for lamb chops in particular or life in general.

GENTLEMANLY SPEAKING

THE swirling skirt, the ruffles gay
Adorn the pretty girls today,
Who follow Fashion's tortuous way.

It is a trait I do not blame.
All Modes to me are dull and tame.
But oh, their eyes are just the same!

And if they look on me and smile,
Whether in simple truth, or guile
—What if their skirts are out of
style?

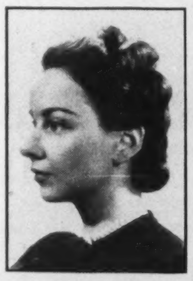
J. E. M.

FASHION MEMO

Wear It Long or— Wear It Short

By ISABEL MORGAN

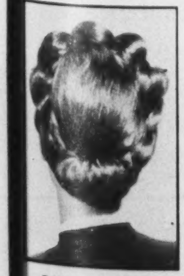
THE long or the short of the hair situation is strictly the individual's problem. Many women are cutting their hair short. They have found that short hair is not only becoming, but comfortable and easy to keep groomed. However, there are times when you want to dress your hair as only it can be done with long hair. This is easily accomplished by the additions of hair pieces—curls or a switch. They can be used in a variety of ways to suit your whims.



SOFT WAVES

Joan Chandler, seen in Alfred Hitchcock's "Rope," displays her new "Rope" hairdo. Inspired by the picture's name, Perc Westmore, head of makeup and hairdressing for Warner Bros.' studio, created the coiffure for Joan, utilizing a two stem switch for the additional effect.

The basis of any coiffure is scrupulously clean hair. Starting with a thorough brushing of the hair, then washing with your favorite shampoo, the hair is softly waved in front for height. Joan has a small piquant face, with a wide, smooth brow. It was necessary to give her height but not to accentuate it. The second requisite was to keep the hairdo simple and unadorned to correspond with Joan's fresh, youthful appearance.



NEAT ROLL

Using Joan's own hair, Westmore waved it softly in front, brushing the sides smoothly to the back, pinning the hair to the nape of the neck, with the ends of the hair free. The switch was brushed until it gleamed, then divided in half, rolling each half loosely over he other, giving a twist effect. Placng the center of the twist behind the ront wave, it was caught with pins t intervals around the head. At the ape of the neck Joan's own hair was rushed smoothly over the ends of he twist, tucking in all ends of the air into a smooth roll.

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MESSENGERS

Voice Of The Arctic

By LYN HARRINGTON

"IT'S a boy!" The message wings its way across the Barren Lands of the Canadian north, over the icebergs, and mountain peaks of Labrador. "And he looks just like you, so we're calling him Michael," the broadcast goes on.

And all across the Arctic, smiles are exchanged between friends who are listening in. Friends they are, though they have never seen the sender of the news, nor the proud new father.

For the free weekly budget of news broadcast to the Arctic from November to March is the favorite program of the north. It's everybody's business, whether designed for Frobisher Bay in Baffin Land, or Aklavik at the mouth of the Mackenzie River.

One Mountie discovered that for himself. Over the air waves came a recipe he had requested from his mother at the last mailing. She neglected to state what it was, so that wherever he went for the next few months, that concoction was served to him. He ate it for dessert and for breakfast cereal, as cookies and as hot-cakes.

News And Gossip

That's one thing about the broadcasts—the recipient can't talk back, or ask for further details. The Northern Messenger Service is a weekly half-hour program of news of home folks and family gossip. All messages must be strictly personal. During war years, messages were scanned by the R.C.M.P. and often reworded to make certain that no code messages could help the enemy.

Letters pour into the offices of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation in Toronto. Formerly senders were permitted 50 words, but with the increase in population in the north, 25 words is now the limit, unless the traffic is very light. Three men and one woman read the messages, which are recorded on wax. The discs are then sent to the broadcasting stations for airing.

The Northern Messenger Service is broadcast from Watrous, Saskatchewan, and Winnipeg, Manitoba, on Friday nights to the western Arctic. The same news goes out from Sackville, New Brunswick, eight days later to the eastern Arctic. These stations are chosen as those being most regularly heard in the areas served.

Sometimes Northern Lights interfere with reception. But tests have proved that 50 per cent of the messages get through perfectly with no interference, and that a very small percentage of the messages are lost through transmission freaks. But even so, the message usually gets through, though it may be months before a trapper meets someone who has heard it perfectly.

Other disasters can happen. In one trading post, the apprentice clerk told how they "had carefully rationed the battery. It had been kept wrapped in blankets behind the stove, coddled like a baby. We had not even listened to the usual radio programs of music for we were waiting to hear the Northern Messenger Christmas broadcast. Came the day we had only a week to wait. And then—disappointment. The battery had given up the ghost."

In such circumstances it is nothing unusual for a lonesome man to hitch up his dog-team and make a trip of 300 miles just to hear that special broadcast. That night, if ever, there'll be a message for him. The broadcast spills over the half-hour, sending out some 300 messages on Christmas night, and everyone in the Arctic keeps the tryst with his radio.

The Northern Messenger Service was orginated in 1926 on KDKA, Pittsburgh, at the suggestion of Canadian executives. In 1933, it was taken over by the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation which has continued it ever since. Primarily the service is designed for swift communication with government officials, health authorities and the Mounted Police. Trappers, traders, settlers, miners, missionaries and all others throughout the Arctic and Subarctic are secondary, but they get most of the messages.

The list of receiving stations is lengthy, ranging from Attawapiskat through to Great Whale River and to Wolstenholme. American soldiers and airmen on isolated Southampton Island get their share of the messages. Anywhere in the Canadian north where there is no other means of communication with the "outside" the messages bring cheer and news to lonely men and women.

The messages are usually cheerful. "Judy has mumps on *both* sides!" comes over the air waves with a chuckle. Occasionally they are gloomy, such as "Our trailer went up in flames just this side of Minneapolis. We just had time to get the car unhooked."

Many Tongues

While most of the messages are in English, quite a number are in French. Not unusual was the message to Lac du Brochet in Manitoba, *"Serons avec vous de pensée et de coeur. Priez pour nous à messe de minuit."*

Messages sometimes come through in Indian (a trial to the Toronto announcers) which mean great prestige to the recipient. So far no message has come through in the Eskimo language, although there have been messages to individual Eskimos from post managers out on furlough. For Indians and Eskimos love to gather around the radio, and hear the messages, whether or not they understand English.

When the spring mails go out, they often carry gifts to the announcers from the people of the north. Mittens of snowy white caribou hide, brown moosehide moccasins with beaded designs, or whalebone carvings. It's understandable when you recall the messages they have relayed.

For what could be more thrilling to a lonesome prospector than a feminine voice over the airways, "Hello, darling, everything has been as wonderful as it could be without you. Don't forget—I love you."

• •

SPEAK OF HER GENTLY

SPEAK of her gently, if speak you will;
I'll look for joy on another hill,

In a distant place that is fresh and green,
Where never her laughing face was seen,

Where never her slender foot has gone
Running and eager in the lawn,

Or her white hand touched a blade of grass,
Where never her shadow once did pass . . . .

Speak of her gently but, oh, be brief,
Little has beauty to do with grief!

H. F. DOUGHER

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the perfect
Christmas gift
and portrays
you
as you are!

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THIRTY FEET OR FIFTY FEET? *This girl's foot reaction is being timed. Stopping her car in a hurry can mean the difference between a bad scare and a bad accident. A light on this machine flashes — and a stop watch records her speed in applying the brakes.*

STEADY THERE! *A light flashes if the stylus held in the driver's hand touches either side of the groove. This test measures steadiness . . . the ability to hold a car on a narrow path.*

WHEN SECONDS COUNT MOST!

A second's lag in reaction time may make the difference between a safe stop and damage or injury. And that difference constitutes careful, safer driving. When drivers by means of tests, learn how long it takes them to stop they're potentially more careful drivers . . . it's a fact that 'forewarned is forearmed'!

That is the thought behind the operation of the mobile driver testing unit designed by John Labatt Limited—part of a campaign, planned in the interests of public safety, to reduce the toll of accidents.

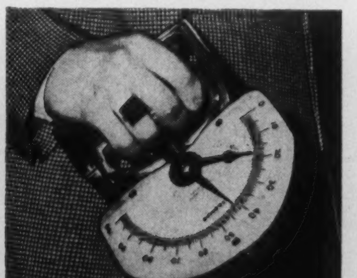
A noted Canadian safety authority says: "A vitally important part of an effective traffic safety programme—is education. The equipment and personnel that have been provided have enabled us to make a very useful beginning. Courses for high school students are now under way in several Canadian schools."

HOW DO YOU RATE AS A DRIVER?

Motor vehicle records show that more accidents are caused by drivers than by road conditions and mechanical trouble. How safe a driver are you? Try this quiz . . .

1. How many feet per second does a car travel at 30 miles an hour?
   (a) 36.7 feet
   (b) 44.0 feet
   (c) 51.3 feet
2. How long does the average driver take to apply his brakes?
   (a) 1/10 second
   (b) ½ second
   (c) ¾ second
3. What distance is covered in bringing an average car travelling at 50 miles per hour to a complete stop?
   (a) 100.5 feet
   (b) 164.0 feet
   (c) 242.5 feet

SHE'S LOOKING THREE WAYS *at once—It's vital to be able to see vehicles approaching from each side.*



STRONG ENOUGH? *A hand grip of at least 50 pounds is considered necessary for safe driving.*

Labatt's
BREWERS SINCE 1832

ANSWERS: (3-c) (2-c) (1-b)

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MUSIC

Live Wire on West Coast

By JOHN YOCOM

A FORMER Torontonian whose efforts are making musical life on the west coast more attractive is Albert Steinberg, assistant conductor of the Vancouver Symphony Society. Since the fall of 1946 when he was invited to become its concertmaster, he has had an increasingly heavy schedule of solo performances, conducting duties, and more especially "inspirational" work, which has produced excellent results.

When Steinberg arrived, he found a great many choral and orchestral organizations, but in spite of separate enthusiasms "a curious lack of cohesion among the groups to form a real musical panorama for Vancouver."

As a first corrective measure he talked about the necessity of putting the symphony on a permanent basis and the next season it was accomplished. Then Steinberg inaugurated Children's Concerts for the first time, selling the Vancouver *Daily Province* on the idea of sponsoring two concerts each season for youngsters. When the Community Arts Council was formed in 1946, Albert Steinberg was asked to be chairman of the music committee. Sharply conscious of the lack of real chamber music in Vancouver, he managed to have the Arts Council, in conjunction with the Musicians' Union, sponsor a chamber opera, "Julius Caesar" by Handel, for a Canadian première at the Point Grey Auditorium. The enthusiasm stirred up by this concert and Steinberg's inspiration led to a permanent group being formed which is now called the Friends of Chamber Music.

This organization presents four or five concerts each season. Not only are the chamber works of the classicists performed but also at least one novel work at each concert. For an opening program on Nov. 1, a chamber orchestra under Steinberg's direction will perform in the Hotel Georgia's Aztec Room; the concert will include Canadian composer John Weinzweig's "Divertimento".

Steinberg's approach evidently makes a direct appeal to youth; last season he was made musical director of the Vancouver Junior Symphony, a lively group of talented young people ranging in age from 16 to 24, and a great credit to the musical development of the city. Many of its players have graduated to the senior symphony. This winter as assistant conductor of the Symphony Society, Albert Steinberg will conduct 12 concerts—4 children's, 4 for U.B.C., and possibly 4 Pops. Just to fill in any time that may be left, this talented, energetic musician will make solo and orchestral appearances on C.B.C.

Shake-Down Cruise

Shake-down cruises are meant to show up faults for the skipper and crew. The Toronto Symphony Orchestra, under assistant conductor Paul Scherman, was on an initial Pop cruise last week, with a good sized audience in renovated Massey Hall aboard for the ride. The orchestra played fast and loud, showing a vitality of expression and dynamic resources but little of the fine control and sectional balance so apparent at the end of last season. Tenuous passages in Dvorak's "New World" Largo, for instance, were roughly or uncertainly handled. Horns and strings were ragged in the accompaniment of the "Mignon" aria for French Canadian guest-artist, Pierrette Alarie. However, the passengers were glad to be on the Pops trip, and as with all shake-down cruises, the old T.S.O. will derive much from theirs. Mlle. Alarie has a refined technique; her singing is distinguished by a purity of vocalizing and a simplicity of expression that impress her audience, if not gaining rapport with it. However, with no criticism of her technical production, we would have liked a little more variety—a little less sameness, a little more fire here, a little more tenderness there—in interpretations.

Last week in the initial concert of the Eaton Auditorium Musical Arts Series, Hazel Scott, dusky, beauteous talented pianist, displayed resplendent keyboard work in various expressions of jazz—original boogie-woogie, blues, swing versions of the classics. But the first part of the program—Bach and Rachmaninoff Preludes and Chopin Etudes—were more excuses for showing off Miss Scott's versatility than finished, expressive presentations of serious works. However, with her elfin chromatics and her hold-on-to-your-hat piano style, Hazel Scott is in a class by herself. The auditorium was jam-packed; hearers cried for more and more of Hazel's inventive piano. She ended a piece only when the instrument needed to be cooled off.

•

The first two concert and theatre series of the Forest Hill Community Centre have won nation-wide acclaim for balanced programs of high level entertainment, all-Canadian talent with the accent on youth, the commissioning of young Canadian composers, and aiding the achievement of a richer pattern of community life generally. The Centre has announced its third series of six outstanding events, opening on Nov. 8 with the New Play Society's presentation of "Joan of Lorraine".

Leo Smith, well-known composer, author, and 'cellist, will present a recital of chamber music at the Heliconian Club on Saturday afternoon, November 6, at 3.30 p.m. Mr. Smith will be assisted by Myrtle Bruce-Brown, Robin Paterson, Anna McDonald and Harold Sallach, singers. The special feature of the recital will be Mr. Smith's performance on the viola-da-gamba.

• •

Kolessa's Recital

By FREDERICK ARTHUR

THE shade of Frederic Chopin, hovering over Toronto's Eaton Auditorium last Saturday evening, must have rejoiced greatly. Long lines of citizens trying at the last moment to purchase tickets; equally long lines filing into the hall — all this to hear Mme. Lubka Kolessa play an entire program of Chopin's works. Whether or not we can now call Mme. Kolessa a Canadian, we must earnestly hope that she chooses to remain in Canada. As teacher of piano at Dr. Walter's Conservatory Senior School she already has developed a number of young pianists, giving them that illusive yet essential quality which distinguishes the concert-artist from the usual graduate pianist. And her program last week proves that she intends to remain, for a long while yet, where Bruno Walter placed her several years ago—among the top pianists of this modern world.

It was a widely varied program and while perhaps there was greater technique than deep feeling, there was quite enough of the latter to satisfy most of us. With the possible exception of the Scherzo in the B minor Sonata, the audience enjoyed most her playing of two groups of Etudes and Waltzes; in the latter she contrived to communicate that Parisian gaiety which most young moderns associate only with the more superficial waltzes of Strauss. In direct contrast, it was good to hear the fourth movement of the B flat minor Sonata played with the crisp technique which Chopin expected, rather than the doleful legato which its use solely as a Marcia Funebre has made all too common. Early in the evening the audience showed its appreciation, Mme. Kolessa receiving five calls before the intermission.

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JUNIOR CITIZENS

Red Cross' Mighty Mites

By M. AUDREY GRAHAM

THE current idea that Canadian school children should help children overseas is not new to the 890,000 members of the Junior Red Cross. They have been doing that very thing for several years.

So far, they have sent over $800,000 worth of food, clothing, school supplies and other relief to children in Greece, France, Norway, Russia, Poland, Yugoslavia, India, China, Holland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Belgium and Great Britain. Their National Junior Red Cross Service Fund is far from exhausted and more contributions continue to come in from classroom Branches across Canada.

Perhaps, if this overseas relief project had been the sole work of the organization, it would have created a greater impact upon public consciousness. As it is, the members have carried on this additional work as part of their Junior Red Cross activities without any let-up whatever in the other phases of the programme.

Junior Red Cross is Red Cross in the schools. Its programme stressing Health, Service, Good Citizenship and World Friendship is designed to promote the sound mental and physical health of the school boys and girls who are members. The organization is international with over 33 million members in 51 countries.

Canadian members are in touch with school children in other countries through a world-wide exchange of portfolios. These are albums compiled as a Branch project to tell in picture and story of the young people's homeland, their native city, district, school and Junior Red Cross Branch. It was this international aspect of the organization with its opportunities for understanding and goodwill that led Sir Phillip Gibbs to write: "The front door of every little school that has Junior Red Cross is open to the wide world."

During the war these international contacts were to a large extent cut off. Canadian Juniors, conscious of the disturbing isolation, were eager to help their distant friends. They began to send various sums of money, the proceeds from class or school bazaars, plays, concerts, fairs and other projects, to the Junior Red Cross office. The money was to be used, as one Branch treasurer expressed it, "wherever the need is greatest." That was the beginning of the National Junior Red Cross Service Fund.

Just recently they have sent $100,000 worth of food and new clothing to the children of Great Britain. It is another instalment, so to speak, in a series of friendly gestures toward that country. There was a previous shipment of $81,000 worth of food; $5,000 worth of drugs to combat coeliac disease; and a consignment in the last few months of 25,000 pairs of used repaired shoes collected and sorted by the members.

Relief supplies from the Canadian Junior Red Cross are sent to the Junior Red Cross of the countries in question for distribution. The efficiency and value of this measure have been shown repeatedly. For example, when the Norwegian Junior Red Cross was asked to suggest some type of relief that was urgently needed, the reply was that there was a great shortage of layettes. A $35,000 consignment was purchased in bulk and sent to the Norwegian organization for sorting and distribution.

Some time later, Canadian Juniors learned that high school members of the Norwegian Junior Red Cross in centres all over the country had compiled lists of the names of needy, expectant mothers. They sorted the articles into groups consisting of complete layettes and then called at the homes to deliver the gifts from Canada.

"Thank You"

Letters of thanks, individually, and later collectively in a beautiful, leather-bound album, were received by the Canadian members — letters from mothers and from the teen-age members themselves who were particularly grateful "for the trust you show in our Juniors for letting them distribute the things."

All correspondence of this type is given the widest possible circulation through the provinces to Branches in schools across Canada. There have been literally thousands of letters and "thank you" albums from the children of countries that have received supplies.

A great many have come from Czechoslovakia. There, during the months of January and February of last year, 250,000 school children in areas most affected by the food shortage paused each morning to enjoy a cup of cocoa and a roll as a supplement to their meagre diet. The cocoa and rolls were made from the 7½ tons of cocoa and 500 tons of flour, part of a $51,000 shipment of food sent by the Canadian Junior Red Cross.

Word that an appalling shortage of the simplest school supplies was hindering the return to normal school life in various European countries brought forth a practical response. Large consignments of school supplies, such as pens, pencils, copybooks, scribblers, blotting paper and other small but essential items, packed in convenient units ready for distribution, have been sent to the Junior Red Cross in Norway, France and Czechoslovakia at a total cost of $35,000.

Canadian Juniors have followed the reports of these and many other expenditures from the National Junior Red Cross Service Fund with keen interest. They have read of each new project in the News Letters of provincial directors and in their magazine, *The Canadian Red Cross Junior*. Stories in the magazine and letters of thanks from abroad have kept them informed about the distribution of their gifts. Teen-age editors have featured news of overseas relief in Junior Red Cross High School Bulletins and supplemented it with an occasional editorial to remind their readers that, "The people of Europe are still looking to us for help."

This work for children in other countries has been carried on simply as an adjunct to the Junior Red Cross programme. The members have increased their efforts toward the improvement of their own health and the health of others. Their record of war work, apart from relief for children, would be a credit to any organization. They have taken part in a wide variety of community and Red Cross activities. Their support of the Junior Red Cross Crippled Children's Fund has never wavered. In the last year alone, they provided money for the treatment of 2,598 cases which brings the total number of crippled children assisted in this way to 29,963 since the organization was founded 26 years ago.

To Canadian school boys and girls who are members of the Junior Red Cross, relief for children in war-devastated countries is not something to be undertaken in response to a special, isolated appeal for funds. It is part of a greater objective—to try in every possible way, through the pursuit of health, service to others, and by taking responsibility, to be good citizens of Canada and the world.

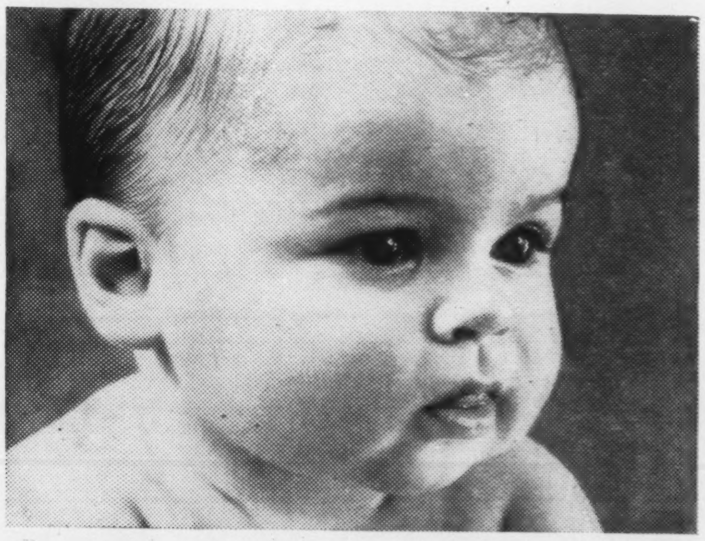
? ? ?

Can you find the Hidden Question?

Look for it in
SATURDAY NIGHT'S
"Brain-Teaser",
November 13

—Photo by Abresch

Margaret Ireland, Winnipeg-born concert pianist and pupil of Horszowski, will present a recital at Eaton Aud. on evening of Nov. 6.



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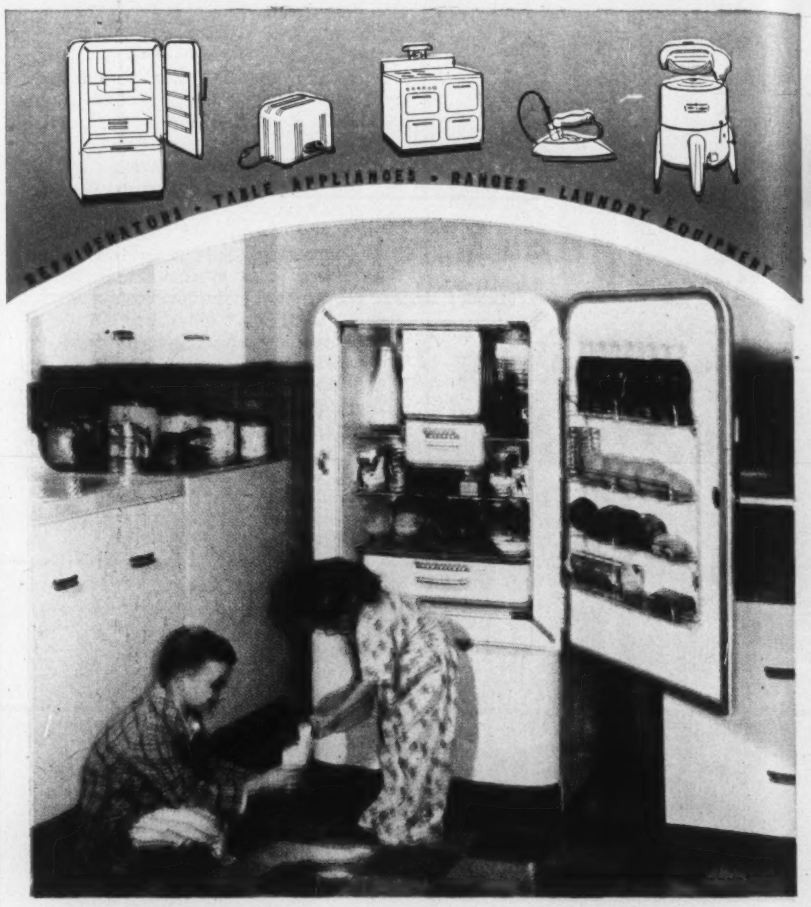
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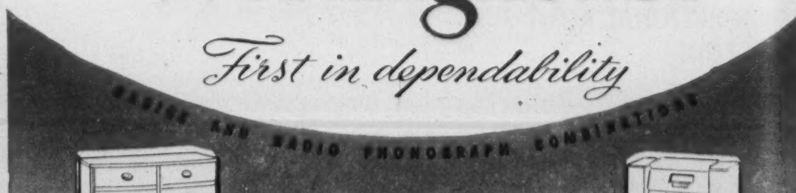

RADIOS AND RADIO PHONOGRAPH COMBINATIONS

BOOK WEEK

Year Of Achievement

By KATHLEEN STRANGE

THE first week in November, as has been customary for many years, has been set aside for the observance of Canadian Book Week. From October 30 to November 6, libraries and stores, service and social clubs, and the public in general throughout Canada will have their attention drawn to the current output in Canadian literature.

There are a number of excellent new books this past year to merit the public's attention. As it is impossible to list them all here, perhaps one might be permitted to mention some of those that have appeared deserving of special recognition in the literary prize field and some that have particularly appealed to this writer.

Consider first the winners of the Governor General's awards.

The Fiction Medal went this year to Gabrielle Roy, whose first novel, "The Tin Flute," is an excellent story of a poverty-stricken French Canadian family living in Montreal's slum district of St. Henri. This book, as is already well-known, has been sold to the movies for a very large sum and has brought Miss Roy, a St. Boniface-born, former school teacher, many outstanding honors, among them the book's selection by the Literary Guild, the *Prix Femina* of France, and Miss Roy's election as the first woman member of the Royal Society of Canada, Section I.

The Creative Non-fiction award went to William Sclater, former Lieutenant Commander in charge of public relations work for the R.C.N. "Haida" is an excellently-written story of one of Canada's most famous fighting ships that saw service in this last World War.

The winner for Academic Non-fiction was Robert MacGregor Dawson, and the title of his book, "The Government Of Canada," speaks for itself. A Maritimer by birth, Mr. Dawson graduated from Dalhousie University and studied at Harvard and London.

Poetry Winner

The award for Poetry went to Dorothy Livesay (Macnair) of Vancouver for her latest collection of poems, "Poems Of The People." Dorothy Livesay is the daughter of two well-known writers, Florence Randall Livesay and the late J. F. B. Livesay. This is her third gold medal for poetry.

Will R. Bird, of Halifax, the new National President of the Canadian Authors Association, won the Ryerson Fiction Award with his seventh novel, "Judgment Glen." This is the story of a man's greed for power at the expense of his family. It is set in Nova Scotia in 1781, and is an excellent historical novel, exciting, dramatic and authentic in every detail.

Tied with Mr. Bird for this particular prize was Edward J. McCourt, of Saskatoon, Sask. Mr. McCourt's novel, "Music At The Close," is the story of Neil Fraser, who went West as an orphan lad to live with his uncle at the opening of the twentieth century. Mr. McCourt was born on a farm at Kitscoty, Alberta, and his book is written out of a wealth of first-hand experience of prairie frontier life. He is now a professor of English at the University of Saskatchewan, and is a regular contributor to SATURDAY NIGHT.

Another publisher's prize winner of this past year is former country school teacher, Christine Van der Mark, of Edmonton, Alberta. She also won, with this first novel, "In Due Season," an I.O.D.E. novel contest prize of $200 for Alberta writers. Miss Van der Mark was born in Alberta and taught school in many small towns and is now an instructor in composition at the University of Alberta.

Tied with Miss Van der Mark for this Oxford-Crowell $500 prize was Angeline Hango of Montreal, whose first book, "Truthfully Yours," unfolds the story of an indomitable French Canadian mother's struggle to keep the wolf from her family's door, and of the embarrassment her efforts often caused her two daughters. Miss Hango was born in Quebec and has lived all her life in that province and her novel portrays French Canadian life in all its color and vitality.

Another first novel to merit a prize this year is "Sarah Binks," by Dr. Paul G. Hiebert, of Winnipeg, Man. Dr. Hiebert is a real westerner, having been born at Pilot Mound, Man. He now teaches chemistry at the University of Manitoba. His extremely amusing story of the life and works of Sarah, "sweet songstress of Saskatchewan," won the Leacock Medal for Humor, an award made by the Leacock Memorial Committee of Orillia, Ont. This book is a "must" for those who enjoy satire in its most witty form.

Other outstanding Canadian books of this past year:

"The Precipice," by Hugh MacLennan, is this talented writer's third book. This is the story of Lucy Cameron, who lived with her two sisters in a small Ontario town and who married Stephen Lassiter, New York advertising man, and went with him to New York to live. Contrasts are sharply drawn between the two different environments and Mr. MacLennan has much to say about marriage and about the differences between Canadians and Americans. Although some feel that "The Precipice" does not have the quality of "Two Solitudes," which won a Governor General's award, this book does prove Hugh MacLennan to be a writer whose present maturity carries with it a promise for continuing development.

A historical novel of interest to all Canadians, and particularly to Western Canadians, is Olive Elsie Knox's "Red River Shadows." This book, based scrupulously on historical fact, tells the story of the settlers of the Red River Colony in the latter part of the nineteenth century. The story is woven around a young French-Canadian, Jean Ritchot, who comes as a voyageur to Manitoba, and of his enduring love for Helene, an immigrant from Montreal, and of how, although cruelly separated for many years, they find happiness together in the end. Olive Elsie Knox was born in Ontario but she has lived most of her life in Western Canada.

"Serpent's Tooth," by Isabelle Hughes, is an excellently-written novel about the parallel lives of two branches of a respected, well-to-do Toronto family. It shows the effect of the domination of parents over the lives of their children. Isabelle Hughes was born and educated in Toronto and she interprets with uncanny skill the life and manners of that city. It is a first novel of considerable merit and promise.

From French Canada

Roger Lemelin's first novel, "The Town Below," was awarded, for its French edition, a prize by the *Academie Française*, the *Prix David*, and earned for its author a Guggenheim Fellowship. It is the story of Quebec City's picturesque Lower Town, and paints a vivid and realistic picture of life there. The book is full of the irrepressible humor of the French-Canadians, with their political intrigues and their personal feuds, and there are vivid and heart-warming characterizations of typical Quebec citizens, such as the good father Folbeche, "who tracked down young lads until they should avow a disposition for holy orders." Roger Lemelin is only twenty-nine years old. He resides in Quebec and is now working on another novel, which will be looked forward to with keen anticipation by those who have enjoyed this present work.

"The Aging Nymph," by A. J. Elliott, is a light-hearted war story of Canadians in Italy and is mainly concerned with the doings of the matriach of a noble Italian family, ruler of the small town of Bonasomi where Canadians were briefly quartered during World War No. 2. This book gives one an opportunity to see life abroad through the eyes of a Canadian soldier. Mr. Elliott was born in Windsor, Ont., and joined the Forces in 1941. He took part in the Italian Campaign.

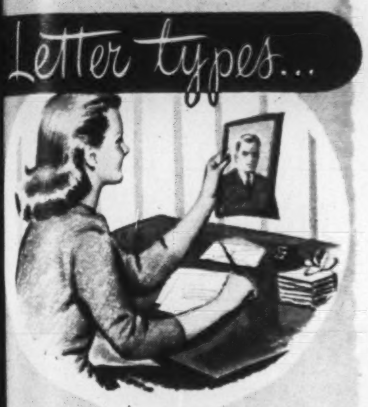
"The Road South," by Roderick Stuart Kennedy, is a story of Canadians in the first World War. It deals with the romance of two Canadian soldiers who fell in love with two English girls. The book's suspense mounts as the soldiers try to extricate themselves from the demands of war to return to the women waiting for them.

Dr. Philip Child's latest novel, "The Village Of Souls," is the story of Bertrand Journay, a *coureur de bois* in New France in the 17th century, and of his marriage to the strange Lys de Favorolles, one of the *demoiselles du roi* who were sent out from France to Canada to be wives to the new settlers. It is an excellently-written book by one who has already achieved high literary distinction.

Madge Macbeth's sixth novel, "Shreds of Circumstance," is a modern, picaresque novel, with a solid meaning underlying the swift-moving narrative. Mrs. Macbeth has resided in Ottawa for many years and is well-known for her books and lectures. The Swiss, Italian and Dutch rights of "Shreds of Circumstance" have already been sold.

"The Highland Heart In Nova Scotia," by Neil MacNeil, is another historical novel, in which men and women are shown founding a new way of life in a new country.

Among the non-fiction collection one found particularly interesting "This Was My Choice", by Igor Gouzenko, the Soviet cipher clerk who escaped from the Russian Embassy in Ottawa with documents exposing a Soviet-organized spy ring in Canada; "The Owl Pen," by Kenneth McNeil Wells, who records the experiences of a young Canadian newspaper man and his artist wife in an attempt to realize their dream of living in the country; "The Diary of Samuel Marchbanks," by Robertson Davies, in which Mr. Davies lays about him with a keen and penetrating wit and wrestles humorously with the problems of furnaces, snow, colds, bores, dogs, children and other such challenges of daily life; "Father On The Farm," a charming book of nostalgic humor, in which Mr. Cragg has caught the real spirit of rural life in Ontario; "Green Fields Afar," by Clara and J. E. Middleton, a pioneer story of life in Alberta in the early days; and many others.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PERSONALITIES

When the Earth Quaked

By J. E. MIDDLETON

SINCE the great earthquake of 1663 Canada has been a reasonably stable land. Occasional tremors have occurred but damage has been negligible and no natural features have been altered. The Laurentian region, say the geologists, is one of the oldest in the world. The wearing-down of a lofty mountain-range to the rounded hills of the "Archaean Shield"—the very foundations of the earth—must have taken millions of ages. Doubtless volcanic convulsions speeded the process, for trap-rock is common about some of the ancient hills. Mount Royal is an extinct volcano, and others of the type may be found along the two thousand miles of the Shield. Perhaps the disturbance of 1663 which continued, off and on, for seven months, was a last flurry before "Laurentia" settled down permanently. At least one may hope so.

Walking in the midst of alarms for thirty-three years — 1639-1672 — the Superior of the Ursulines of Quebec minded diligently her business. Marie Guyard, whose name "in religion" was Marie de l'Incarnation, competently managed the temporal affairs of the convent, stretching slim resources to the last limit in order to feed and clothe Indian girls committed to her charge, keeping alive the flame of consecration in the community by writing letters to friends in France. These letters, in two volumes and over 1,000 pages of type, were published in Paris in 1876, for the purpose of edifying the faithful. Perhaps ninety per cent of their content is religious, dealing with the mystical side of living, the discipline of the spirit, the joyful acceptance of ills as the wholesome gifts of God.

The other ten per cent records the state of public affairs in Canada, and, incidentally, reveals the rich personality of the writer. For she was a lady of quality, intellectually as spiritually, a stranger to fear, contemptuous of calamity, sincere and acute in all her comments.

"A quire of paper is used before I know it," she admitted lightly, "and I still have forty letters to write within the next fortnight."

Hard Times

After the death of the Jesuit missionaries to Huronia, Fathers Daniel, de Brébeuf and Lalemant, the remnant of the Huron nation came down to Quebec, looking to their French friends for comfort and sustenance. So began an era of hard and doubtful times. The Iroquois promised destruction to the French as soon as they had wiped out the Neutrals and the Chats, on the northern and the southern shores, respectively, of Lake Erie. By 1651 these campaigns were over. Raids on the French settlements and ambushes along the canoe-routes became continuous. At seeding-time settlers might be murdered or taken prisoner. In the autumn crops were likely to be burned. The fur trade with the West was ended.

It was clear to the worldly-wise, both in Quebec and in France, that the colony must be abandoned, even though departing settlers would leave behind them the property acquired in a generation of diligence. The "heavenly-wise" were of a different opinion. "Our property," wrote the Ursuline Superior, "is in the souls of the savages and we shall not abandon them."

She believed that if the country should be ruined the blame would rest not so much on the Iroquois as on certain Frenchmen who were spreading slanders against virtuous and just leaders in Church and Government. For in her opinion the times were out of joint everywhere. The Jansenist opposition to the Jesuits, the disorders of the Fronde, distressed her. In Quebec, *canaille* of both sexes were to be found, insolent towards Authority and pressing brandy on the Indians to their ruin.

She reported the arrival of M. De Monts, sent by King Louis as a commissioner to inquire into complaints which had reached the Court. After a thorough investigation at Quebec and Three Rivers he was convinced that the resources of the country were such that, if developed, Canada might be made a kingdom greater and more beautiful than France itself. "He was astonished," wrote the Superior, "to see so many handsome and healthy children. One poor man had eight or more, bare-headed and bare-footed even in winter, with only little shirts on their backs, and eating only eels and a little bread. Yet they were sturdy, and even fat."

So 1662 ended in a reasonably cheerful vein, but early in 1663 came the earthquake. Of it she wrote:

"The weather on February 5 was calm and serene. About five o'clock in the afternoon, while it was still light, came a frightful, booming noise as if a great number of carriages were racing impetuously over a pavement. A dense dust filled the air. Doors opened, or closed, of their own accord. All the church bells began to ring . . our houses rocked like trees in a strong wind, tossing furniture into horrible confusion. Walls opened up, stones fell, planking came apart. The ground rolled under our feet like waves under a small boat."

After a vivid description of the terror of the people, French and Indian alike, she continued:

Shocks And Tremors

"The first shock continued for about half-an-hour. Once over, we had a breathing spell, but not a long one, for at eight o'clock came another shock, and within the hour still another . . . During that night there were, I am told, thirty-two. I counted only six, but noticed other tremors, some so feeble as to be almost imperceptible. The shocks continued over a period of seven months, though with unequal force. Scarcely would we have the leisure to reflect on our situation until another shock would come; sometimes during the day but more often at night. We didn't know what moment we might be swallowed up in some abyss. We had no assured moment of life. After the first month of constant alarm the tremors became feebler and news began to come of the effects of the quake. Word came of new crevasses in the rocks, of new fountains and streams, of new hills, or of plane surfaces where there once had been hills. But nothing astonished us more than to see the great river St. Lawrence changing its color to the tint of sulphur and holding it for eight days."

All the way from Three Rivers to Tadoussac, and even as far as Gaspé strange effects were reported. A ship in Gaspé Basin was showered with volcanic ashes to a depth on the decks of more than one inch. Yet in all this disturbance which cracked stone walls and rolled wooden houses about, no person in all the country was either killed or seriously wounded.

SATURDAY NIGHT'S "BRAIN-TEASER"

The "Brain-Teaser" in the issue of November 13 will be presented as a contest. A hidden question will challenge the ingenuity of those who enjoy the mental stimulation of crosswords.

Watch for the "Brain-Teaser" in SATURDAY NIGHT, November 13.

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CONCERNING FOOD

Wild Duck Is a Feast

By MARJORIE THOMPSON FLINT

THE situation:

The man-of-the-house has returned from a successful duck shooting jaunt bearing gifts in the form of a vast quantity of wild beasties (or so it seems to you) of which he is justly proud. The moment has come to decide their fate (and yours incidentally)—whether you will consume a few immediately and clean and freeze the rest for future reference, or have a series of wild duck dinners for wild duck-loving friends.

After a family board meeting you decide to serve them a duck feast and then have one dinner for two other couples who really appreciate wild fowl. The catch is that one of the couples usually serves rather complicated dinners when there are guests and, since you are somewhat indebted to them socially, you feel that you can't just offer a simple meal of ducks and rice. So with a sigh you sit down with pencil in hand (after making sure they will come) and plan the menu which, after much scratching out and adding to, reads like this:

Grapefruit and Avocado Cocktail
Relishes Crusty Rolls
Roast Wild Duck with Dressing
Garnish of Orange Shells with
Cranberry Relish
Boiled Wild Rice Mashed Turnips
Green Salad
Strawberry Sherbet with
Pears and Almonds

After this is accomplished you ask your husband to decide on the cocktails and wine but at the time of asking he seems more interested in his guns so you don't get a very satisfactory answer. However he does murmur something about the old favorite of half Italian and half French vermouth for the cocktails and either claret or burgundy for the table wine and with that you make a hasty exit.

You have scant hopes of obtaining some extra help for the afternoon and evening of the dinner but after quite a bit of telephoning you locate a lady whose husband is going to a union meeting on that particular evening and would be glad to come for a consideration. So with a song in your heart you line up your recipes, market list and a mental work plan.

The Effort:

Grapefruit, Avocado Cocktail

24 sections canned or fresh grapefruit
½ cup French dressing (substitute grapefruit juice for the vinegar)
1 Avocado
Parsley

Add ¼ cup of the dressing to the grapefruit sections. Pare and cut avocado in half and remove the seed and then cut crosswise slices ¼" thick. Pour over the remaining ¼ cup of dressing. Arrange 4 grapefruit sections and 4 avocado slices alternately in each of 6 cocktail glasses. Garnish with parsley.

Roast Wild Duck

Allow ½ to 1 duck (or more) per serving depending upon size of duck and appetite (of guest). Draw as you would any other poultry—this is presupposing your husband or butcher has patiently plucked them so that as few as possible pin feathers remain. Since you prefer the ducks roasted slightly better done than rare you will need a stuffing for the birds.

Duck Dressing

1 cup diced celery
1 cup minced onion
1 cup seeded raisins
1 cup coarsely chopped nut meats (pecans are traditional)
4 cups soft bread crumbs
1½ teaspoon salt
2 eggs beaten
½ cup milk, scalded

Combine first 6 ingredients and add beaten eggs and mix well. Add scalded milk and blend thoroughly. Stuff the cavities and sew up the openings.

Place ducks, trussed, on a rack in roasting pan and salt and pepper them thoroughly and then place about 3 strips of bacon across the breast of each. Roast in very hot oven 475° F for 15 minutes and then reduce heat to 350° F and continue to roast allowing 25 minutes to the pound drawn weight. Baste, baste and then baste again using some of the table wine (claret or burgundy) if you can spare it. When done remove ducks to hot platter, skim fat from pan and make the gravy.

Orange Shells

This garnish is pleasantly sharp enough to cut the richness of the food and enhances the brown beauty of the ducks.

Cut 6 medium sized oranges in half and remove the pulp. Scallop the orange shells using a melon ball cutter or a pair of scissors.

Cranberry and Orange Relish

Remove seeds and as much white membrane as possible from orange pulp, and dice fine. Put in saucepan and add 2 cups of canned or fresh cranberry sauce. Heat thoroughly and taste—add lemon juice and sugar if you like. Cook until the mixture is the consistency of marmalade. Fill orange shells with this mixture and bake in oven 350° F for 20 minutes. If you haven't oven space for baking them heap the cranberry mixture in the shells and let it cool before serving.

Wild Rice

Allow ¼ cup raw rice per person—about 1½ cups. Wash thoroughly and remove any foreign particles. Use 2 teaspoons salt to 6 cups boiling water and add rice gradually so that water continues to boil. Cover and boil gently 40-45 minutes or until tender. Add butter, salt and pepper to taste.

You like turnips with duck so that's what you serve despite the fact that green peas are considered by many to be the proper vegetable. The salad is very green consisting mostly of watercress and sliced green onions.

You would really like to serve crackers, cheese and chilled fresh fruits for dessert but feel constrained to whip up a sweet. You may toy with the idea of buying strawberry sherbet but finally decide to make it yourself.

Strawberry Sherbet

Defrost 2 cartons frozen sliced sweetened strawberries and put through a sieve. There should be about 3 cups. Heat and add ½ cup liquid honey and a pinch of salt. Simmer 5 minutes and add ½ tablespoon (½ pkg.) unflavored gelatin softened in 2 tablespoons cold water and dissolve thoroughly. Add the juice of 1 lemon and ½ teaspoon almond flavoring. Cool and pour into freezing tray and freeze in refrigerator until solid around the edges and soft in the centre. Transfer to a chilled mixing bowl and beat with electric mixer or rotary egg beater until light and fluffy. Then quickly fold in 2 egg whites beaten stiff and return to freezing tray. Freeze until firm. To serve spoon the sherbet into serving dish and scatter diced canned pears and chopped toasted almonds over and through the whole affair. You will need 1 - 20 oz. tin pears and ¼ lb. almonds blanched.

The result:

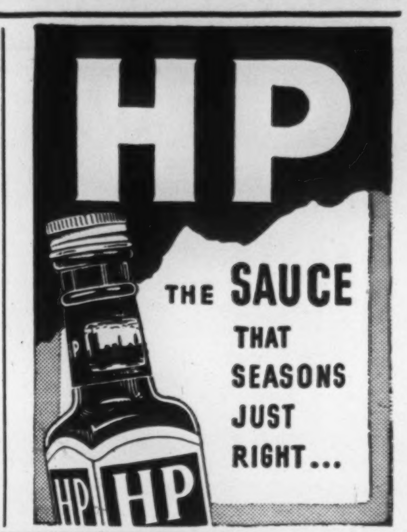
A very successful dinner party with smooth service and good food — at least you enjoyed it.

The Conclusion:

You aren't nearly as middle aged as you sometimes think you are.

—*Photo by John Steele*

Marjorie Thompson Flint has been appointed Food Editor of SATURDAY NIGHT. A graduate of the University of Toronto, Victoria College, with a B.A. degree in Household Economics, Mrs. Flint's experience in the domestic as well as commercial fields of food preparation, assures her readers of authoritative writing. The fact that as a wife and mother she is in intimate touch with the day-to-day problems of managing a household is further assurance of an interesting and sound approach to the subject of food.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● *The marbled ware tea-pot illustrated below is an example of the fine English Pottery made by Thomas Whieldon (active 1740-1780). Photograph by courtesy Royal Ontario Museum.*

"SALADA"
TEA

PORTS OF CALL

Restored West Indian Service Links Canada and Barbados

By H. H. STEWART

WITH the "Lady Rodney" and the "Lady Nelson" now in operation, these two famous ships have restored the popular and important Canada-West Indies Service. Both ships were removed from this service for war needs, the "Lady Nelson" being converted into a hospital ship and the "Lady Rodney" serving as a troopship. Their three sister ships, the "Lady Drake", "Lady Hawkins" and "Lady Somers" were lost by enemy action.

In 1928, these ships began flying the Canadian red ensign to the West Indies under the terms of the Canada-West Indies trade agreement. Up to and including the year 1941, they carried a total of 350,000 passengers to and from the West Indies. Their import cargo was 3,381,159 tons and 2,458,628 tons of export cargo was transported from Canada.

One of the important ports of call in this service is Barbados, a tiny colony located 200 miles to the northeast of Trinidad, just off the coast of South America. It has an area of only 166 square miles with a population of nearly 200,000, three-quarters of whom are Negroes.

These people are quite friendly and simple and if you talk with them they are very civil. I took an old broom-man's picture and he was so happy when I gave him a shilling, that he said "Thank you, my lord". I was talking to a woman who was cutting up a fish on a beach and who was holding out for two shillings for her picture, when one of the onlookers said to her "shut your mouth, you big fool, take the shilling".

On the other hand, I wanted to take a little girl's picture, but she told me her teacher had said she must never allow anyone to take her picture.

The Barbadians tell you that they would prefer not to be so entirely dependent upon sugar, molasses and rum, but the soil and climate are so ideal for growing sugar cane that little else is attempted. The three rum distilleries produce over a million gallons of rum each year and if you want to start an argument, ask a group of Barbadians which is the best brand to buy.

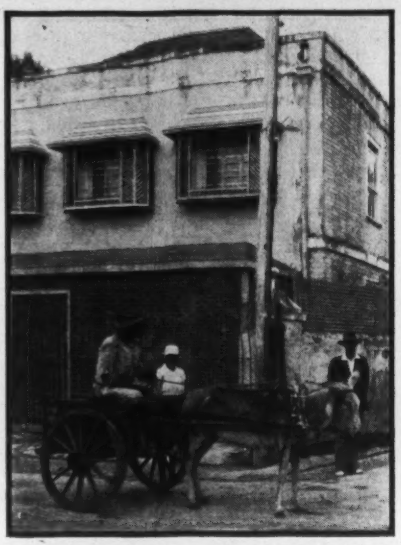
The Rum Is Better

When the argument is finished, someone will recall the question which started it and be most apologetic. They will explain that any Barbados rum is better than rum produced anywhere else and the reason for the discussion is simply that they cannot agree which brand of Barbados rum they prefer themselves.

Their dependence upon the sugar industry is evident everywhere. The roads run through the cane-fields and in the reaping season, trucks and tractors, as well as carts and wagons drawn by oxen and cattle are seen being loaded in the fields and travelling along the roads to the sugar factory.

In the business centre of Bridgetown, the smell of molasses, barrels being coopered in the streets and carts of sugar cane stalks for use in the sale of fresh cane juice by the glass are constant reminders that life here is dependent upon sugar.

It is difficult to describe the weather, except to say it is perfect during our winter. Most days are like the perfect June or July days we get in Canada. It is hot in the sun, but it is almost cool in the evenings. I found that a light cotton blanket was enough for sleeping. Generally speaking, it is not advisable to go hatless in the tropics, but most people can do so in Barbados, because of the trade winds which blow constantly. Sailing, of course, is a popular pastime.



Where both Nelson and George Washington stayed. The historic house, Bridgetown, Barbados, B.W.I.

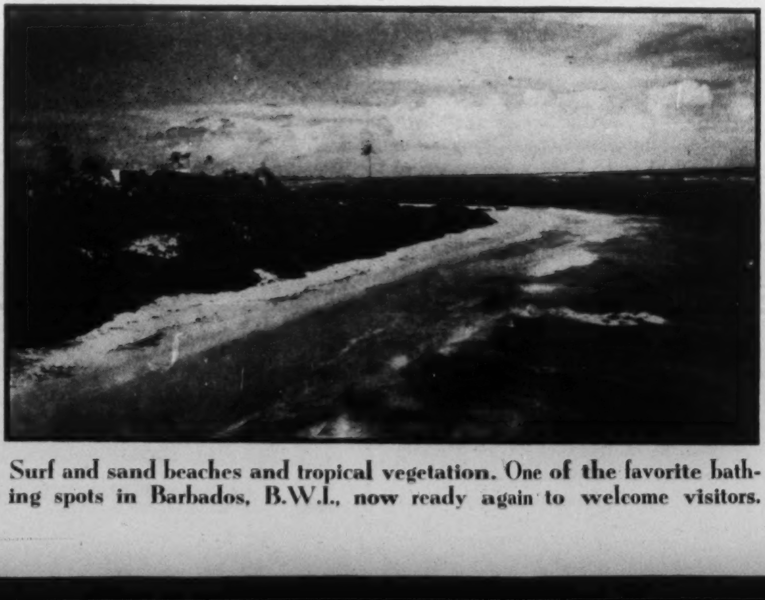
The mean temperature is 76° to 86° F. throughout the year and the most agreeable weather is during the cool months of December to May, when it often registers as low as 63° during the night. Incidentally, a certain amount of care and common sense must be exercised by vacationers until they have acquired a good base of tan, because one cannot afford to forget or be careless about the sun anywhere in the tropics.

Barbados' popularity with visitors is mainly due to the sea bathing which is unparalleled, because every type is available within a short distance. On the Hastings coast, where the hotels nearest the business centre of Bridgetown are located, the surf is mild, and excellent for swimming. At the other extreme, on the windward side at Bathsheba, the surf is heavy and whether or not you are a good swimmer, I think the majority will be affected the same way as myself. I was scared.

On Sundays, there are a few bathers on the beaches and the rest of the week, they are deserted. Compared to well-known beaches in Rio or Acapulco in Mexico, Barbados' beaches appear to be deserted all the time. It gives one the feeling that it is not right that there should be so many for so few people.

The Negroes are deeply religious, if one can judge from the number of churches throughout the Island. I remember a tiny church near Bathsheba, which I passed during a Sunday morning service. The minister was exhorting the congregation in a voice I could hear 200 yards away, against the evils of sin. The church was perched high on a hill close to the sea. The sun was strong and there was the softness in the air which comes from the sea. The blueness of the ocean and great cumulus clouds formed a breath-taking backdrop to the setting and I thought how could there be any sin in such a very beautiful place.

The Crane and Sam Lord's Castle are two outstanding places of interest, both being operated as hotels. Surf bathing at the Crane, or at least a visit to this place, is a *must* for all visitors to Barbados. It is said that Samuel Hall Lord who built the Castle amassed a large fortune by wrecking ships on Cobbler's Reef near by. Its mahogany carvings and stucco work are most interesting.



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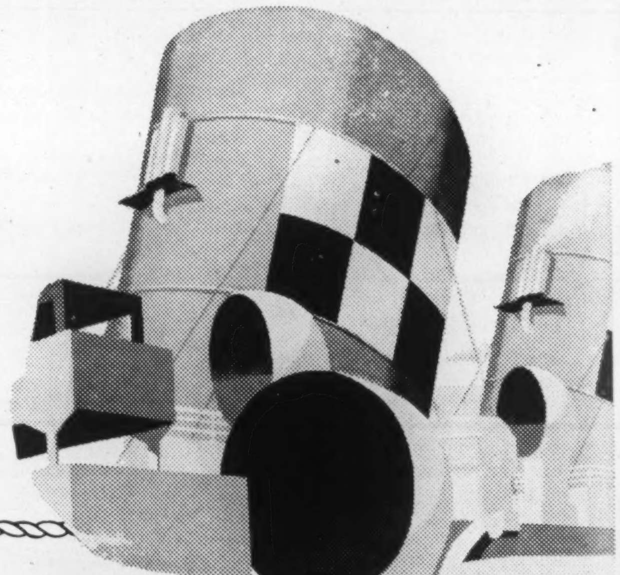

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THE OTHER PAGE

Over-Ripe Democracy

By JAMIESON BONE

PLATO.—Well, Vulgaris, you must realize that I left your world 2,400 years ago which was about 400 years before the birth of Christ.

Vulgaris.—Ah yes, but we have advanced materially since those ancient times.

P.—Indeed, Vulgaris, when you say that you have advanced *materially* I am compelled to agree. If you had said *ethically, politically* or *spiritually* I would be forced to disagree.

V.—There may be room for argument regarding ethics and spiritual matters, but surely, Plato, you must admit that we have advanced politically? We have progressed from feudal times to a complete democracy where every adult of 21 years has the franchise. Is not that admirable?

P.—You forget young man, that your experience is mostly from historical records of the past 400 years, whilst my personal experience goes back 2,000 years beyond yours.

V.—Yes indeed, but those times are known to us as the Dark Ages. Surely you do not claim to have had an enlightened people then.

P.—On the contrary, I doubt very much if the world has since produced any more brilliant or enlightened minds than those of my time. Socrates was a contemporary and a most brilliant man. Euclid was not exactly a contemporary, but he enunciated many profound problems that keep your best brains guessing today and will no doubt continue to do so.

V.—Yes, Plato, but let us discuss one point at a time. I suggested that our present day democracy was something to boast about, and to that, apparently, you could not reply.

P.—Young man, you are indeed well named Vulgaris. The mere thought of your democracy fills me with revulsion. These democrats that you fondly speak of today were the very same proletarians who condemned my dear friend Socrates to death, for opposing their mob rule. History surely repeats itself, and today in many parts of the world including your own country, men like Socrates are being pilloried, whilst brute force and ignorance, ever in the majority, take control. Have a care, young man, and do not fear that laws against murder will drive the would-be murderer underground. They may indeed drive him underground but this should not cause fear in your heart. Be courageous, stand up for what you think is right and when the murderers of society go underground, go you underground after them or they shall surely succeed in their evil purpose.

V.—Then Plato, I conclude that you are no friend of democracy.

P.—Your conclusion is correct. If murderers, rapists, burglars, mentally deranged people, the ignorant and the mendicant are in the majority, then it does not take more brain power than you have, my poor friend, to realize that you are indeed an ass to meekly stand by. For you will be taken over by the rabble even as happened to Socrates.

V.—What do you suggest then, Plato, since you seem to think that the average voter is not an altruistic person?

P.—I suggest that your political parties are more interested in obtaining votes than in governing the country wisely. In order to obtain more votes they have repeatedly enfranchised more and more people and are even urging today that children of eighteen should also be allowed to vote. The utter foolishness of this must be apparent to every fair-minded person, but some of your political parties are not fair-minded. Your politicians have indeed taken a viper unto their bosom and they shall surely regret it. They shall verily be hoist with their own petard. One must have some sort of qualification in life for whatever trade or profession one intends to follow. Surely in the important matter of governing a country some qualification must also be enacted. Otherwise you will be governed by planners who cannot read a blueprint. And that, my friend, is exactly what is taking place all over the world today.

Child of Divorce

By CLARA BERNHARDT

HE WAS such a little boy—
And now they were taking him away.
His was not a home like other boys had,
With rollicking brothers and sisters
And a mother who was always there, busy and smiling.
But it was the only home he had known,
And now they were taking him away.

The maid had always been good to him,
Doing those things his mother was rarely there to do,
And he couldn't see why his mother wanted him now,
In that distant city where she had gone to live.
She had never wanted him before,
With her bridge, her badminton, her luncheons, her golf.
He didn't want to live with her, unless Daddy came too,
But Daddy had said, with a queer look,
That he must go alone, for so The Court had decreed.
Mother would probably send him away to boarding school,
Where there were lots of other boys to play with,
And he wouldn't be lonely.

The little boy thought it would be nice
Not to be lonely any more;
He always had been lonely, except for Shaggy.
He hated to leave him behind,
But Mother didn't want Shaggy
With his muddy feet and long silken ears.
The dog had always lived outdoors in his own small house,
And Daddy had promised to keep Shaggy for him,
So he'd be there when the little boy came back on visits.

He was such a little boy,
And now they were taking him away.
His bags were packed,
The car was at the door,
The maid had kissed him good-bye—
But there was something wrong with her eyes.
Suddenly she ran to the kitchen
And came back with two bananas
Which she thrust into his small, moist hands.
Clutching their familiar coolness, he was re-assured
And felt strangely comforted
As the door closed.

He was such a little boy.

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THE BUSINESS FRONT

P. M. Richards, Financial Editor SATURDAY NIGHT, TORONTO, CANADA, OCTOBER 30, 1948 *Rodney Grey, Asst. Financial Editor*

Growing Support For C.C.F. Expected From Workers

By STUART JAMIESON

The two recent labor conventions show two political trends within the labor movement: bringing the Communists out into the open and clarifying the anti-communist issue; and a growing support for the Cooperative Commonwealth Federation as the political arm of labor.

Dr. Stuart Jamieson, Associate Professor in the University of British Columbia, summarizes recent changes and trends of political action by the trade unions of Canada.

WHAT course of political action will organized labor follow? The Canadian trade unions have tended to adhere to the American Federation of Labor tradition of political neutrality and opportunism. That is the policy of withholding official support from any one particular party and relying instead on the power of the labor vote to win concessions from whatever party may be in office.

Recently however, there has been a growing tendency within the trade union movement of Canada to follow a course that has become well established in other democratic countries. That is the policy of direct trade union participation in political affairs, officially supporting, organizing or affiliating with a socialist "third party", like the Labor Party in Great Britain, Australia or New Zealand and, in Canada, the Cooperative Commonwealth Federation. At the last five annual conventions of the Canadian Congress of Labor the C.C.F. has been endorsed as the political arm of labor, and affiliated organizations have been called upon to support this party in elections.

A number of unions of the Trades and Labor Congress affiliated with the C.C.F., and union members from both labor congresses have been elected to office on the C.C.F. ticket. Underlying this trend among trade unions in Canada is a steadily growing pressure from within, combined with an increasing sentiment among wage-earners in favor of socialism.

Collective Bargaining

Trade unions are essentially political organizations designed to achieve various economic and social objectives for their members. Their executives must maintain the support of a majority of members to stay in office, and must submit major decisions of policy to a referendum vote of the representatives at union conventions. Preoccupied with the day-to-day struggle to earn a livelihood that in most cases is meagre and precarious by middle-class standards, the rank-and-file tend to maintain a continual pressure on the organizations and its officials, demanding immediate gains in wages, hours, job security, and protection in case of sickness or accident.

No trade union can afford to stand still in this situation. Union officials must continually attempt to get what the rank-and-file demands, in whole or in part, to the satisfaction of at least a working majority, if they are to remain in office and the organization is to survive.

The trade union movement in Canada now seems to have reached something of an impasse. It is unable, by means of collective bargaining alone, to meet the demands which its members are making upon it. During the protracted depression beginning in 1929 trade unions in many cases found themselves powerless to protect their members against drastic wage-cuts and wholesale layoffs. Today, with "full employment," a vastly greater membership and enhanced bargaining-power, they seem equally powerless to protect their members against the hardships of inflation.

Since the outbreak of World War II organized labor in Canada has experienced unprecedented gains. Total membership has almost trebled, and now reaches close to a million. The major mass production industries, formerly unorganized, are now almost completely unionized. Substantial wage increases and other gains have been won, and the more glaring wage inequalities among different occupational groups have been ironed out. Yet the standards of living of most wage-earners and union members are still not adequate when measured by such yardsticks as the Toronto Welfare Council's family budget for maintaining "minimum health and decency." Membership pressure on unions remains undiminished.

Under present conditions of material shortages, inflation and excessive demand, however, no substantial wage increases (or their dollar equivalent in shorter hours and overtime, holidays and sick leave with pay, retirement or disability pensions, and the like) seem possible to exact from private industry on behalf of any large number of workers without setting in motion a chain reaction throughout the economy that soon leads to higher prices, leaving labor little or no better off than before.

Government Measures

The trade union movement can augment the real income and security of its members in the immediate future only if its collective bargaining efforts are supplemented by governmental measures, such as: public ownership and operation of certain industries; planned public investment to assure greater stability of production and employment; redistribution of income by means of taxation and social security programs; and, in a period of inflation like the present, price controls, subsidies and rationing of necessities. These are familiar planks in the C.C.F. platform that invite growing support from the officialdom of the trade union movement.

There is at the same time a growing sentiment in favor of this party among individual wage-earners. Socialism seems to hold more appeal than does "private enterprise" to certain economic and social drives of wage-earners. The most compelling of these is *security*, rather than material gain or comfort—a regular job, a certainty of one's livelihood, and an assured place among one's friends.

One of Elmo Roper's public opinion polls published in January, 1947 *Fortune* found that in the United States 59.9 per cent of the factory workers interviewed, compared to 25.5 per cent of the professional men and executives, preferred the type of job which "pays a quite low income but which you are sure of keeping." Only 16.9 per cent of the factory workers compared to 35.5 per cent of the professional men and executives, preferred the type of job which "pays an extremely high income if you make the grade, but in which you lose almost everything if you don't." Roper said: "There is fresh proof that those who have the least to lose in the way of money and position are the most hesitant to venture the little they have." He might better have said: "Those who have the least security value it most."

This preoccupation with security finds expression in trade union demand for the closed shop and union shop, seniority, control over technological change, and grievance procedure governing discharge. It is expressed, too, in the growing labor vote for socialist parties like the C.C.F. Wage-earners do not have to be well-versed in the abstract doctrines of Karl Marx to identify economic instability in general and their own personal insecurity in particular with private enterprise and the profit motive. They experience it directly, whether as individuals or as union members. When the prospects for profit were poor, wages were cut and men were laid off; when profits are high, as at present, a large part of the hard-won gains in employment and money income is neutralized by the inflated cost of living. A socialist program like that of the C.C.F.'s appears to labor to offer the most attractive alternative.

Socialism is attacked on the grounds that it would stifle private enterprise and efficiency by substituting stability and security for private gain and risk-taking. This apparently means little to workers, because of the overwhelming importance of security in their scale of values. It would seem "free private enterprise" is a concept that tends to have positive emotional appeal only to those who either own or control capital in substantial amounts for investment in potentially profitable ventures; or to those in the business hierarchy that have sufficient power to provide scope for individual initiative. Few wage-earners are in either of these categories.

Factionalism and Union Rivalry

It would be utterly misleading, especially in Canada, to speak of "organized labor" or "wage-earners" as if they had one common economic philosophy and course of political action. Wage-earners in Canada include widely diverse and sometimes conflicting groups as regards employment in different industries and trades, income levels, security and length of tenure, education, language and cultural background.

Trade unions undergo factional conflicts in the struggle for leadership and control, much as do political parties and governments. Within each organization there are the government and the opposition, the ins and the outs, the Old Guard and the Young Turks, the right wing and the left wing. Among different unions affiliated with one or other of the main labor congresses there is rivalry for leadership and control. And, finally, there is the rivalry between the two main bodies themselves, the Canadian Congress of Labor and the Trades and Labor Congress, as well as the much smaller Canadian Confederation of Catholic Workers in French-speaking Quebec.

Union rivalry is expressed not only in jurisdictional disputes, competition for members, and invidious comparisons of collective bargaining agreements, but also in conflicting programs for political action. Where one major union or congress endorses a particular political party, a rival labor organization may be driven by considerations of strategy to take a neutral stand politically, or endorse a rival political party, even though the rank-and-file members of both organizations may be pretty much alike in sentiment and belief.

The Communist Party (or, in Canada, the Labor Progressive Party) further complicates the issue. In some ways it accentuates the differences in political policy between the two main labor congresses, as became apparent in their national conventions two weeks ago. The type of union which the Communists have been most successful in "capturing" are the newly organized industrial unions, having a large diversified membership that is vulnerable to factional conflicts. It is the old story of a well-organized minority which knows exactly what it wants being able to dominate a confused and divided majority having no alternative policy on which general agreement can be reached. This has been a special problem with several large organizations in the Canadian Congress of Labor.

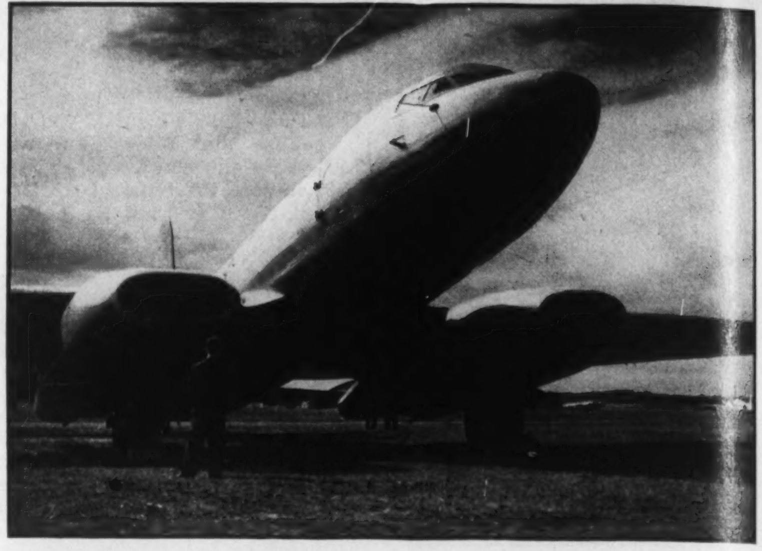
In recent months the C.C.L. and several of its affiliates have been successful in isolating and dislodging Communists from leadership. The latter suffered crushing defeats at the recent Congress convention in Toronto, where an almost entirely anti-Communist slate of officers was elected and a number of anti-Communist resolutions were adopted with overwhelming majorities. One major factor contributing to this development has been the growing support of the C.C.F. by the C.C.L. executive and rank-and-file. The only effective alternative program on which the majority of workers in the Congress and numerous affiliates could reach a working unity in opposition to Communism appears to have been that of socialism as advocated by the C.C.F.

Hitherto the Communist issue has not played so important a role in the older, more homogeneous craft-type of trade union, enrolling as it does generally better-paid and more conservative workers. These are common to the American Federation of Labor and its counterpart in this country, the Trades and Labor Congress. Members of such unions are united more solidly in support of their incumbent executives on the basis of age and tradition, personal loyalty, superior occupational or economic status, or, in a few cases, the equivalent of political machines controlled by the officialdom.

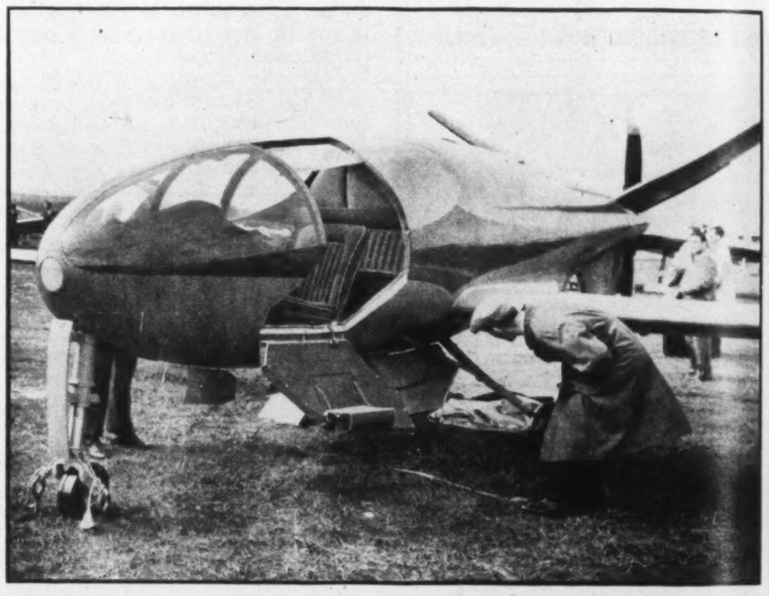
In recent years, however, with th organization of new industrial union that have affiliated with the T.L.C the Communist issue has come to th forefront in this congress. The politically conservative section of th trade union movement showed itsel to be incapable of dealing effectivel with the Communist problem as b came all too apparent at the recen T.L.C. convention in Victoria. Th Congress was threatened with a ser ous split between the right-wing an left-wing factions. This was averte only by the adoption of a rathe weakly-worded compromise resolutio on Communism which was satisfa tory to neither faction and which le the position of the Communist mino ity in the T.L.C. secure. The effec has been to reinforce the official po icy of political neutrality.

The Future

We expect growing support for th C.C.F. among wage-earners, both o ganized and unorganized. Howeve it seems unlikely that this party wi in the immediate future receive un fied official support from the trad union movement comparable to tha received by the labor parties of Grea Britain, Australia and New Zealan Support might develop rapidly, how ever, in the event of a concerted a tack on the trade union movement b organized business interests, compa able to the campaign waged by th National Association of Manufactu ers in the U.S.A.—particularly if suc a campaign were successful in ge ting passage of anti-union legislatio like the Taft-Hartley Act. A unifie policy would be even more likely develop in the event of a serious d pression.



Britain, leading the world in jet engine production, is utilizing her experience with military jet flying to bring her commercial planes into line with latest developments for safety and comfort. The new Avro Tudor VIII, the world's first all-jet four-engined civil transport aircraft, was recently shown to world buyers along with nearly 70 other



types to demonstrate the quick adaptability of British aircraft designers to the jet age. The light civil aircraft (lower picture), the Planet Satellite, seats four and has engine and propeller located in the rear.

THE BUSINESS ANGLE

The Business Angle which customarily appears in this space, will be resumed on Mr. Richards' return from vacation.

Prime Ministers' Conference Should Be Repeated

By JOHN L. MARSTON

Saturday Night's Financial Correspondent in London

The Conference of Dominion Prime Ministers in London dealt with many aspects of Commonwealth affairs in an era when the whole shape of the Commonwealth may be changing.

Mr. Marston suggests that the Prime Ministers' Conference should be repeated to give continuity and supervision to Commonwealth affairs.

London.

EVEN in a world surfeited with conferences, the Dominion Premiers' Conference in London has attracted worldwide attention. It happened at the right moment, psychologically, in British history, when hundreds of millions of British peoples had emerged to independent dominion status, as a step, possibly, to final independence from the British Crown.

It happened when the British countries were realigning themselves for the possibility of another war, requiring a total world strategy even more comprehensive than last time. And it happened when Britain herself was becoming more and more deeply involved in political and economic relations with Western Europe.

It is inconceivable that all the problems, constitutional, strategic and economic, could be settled to the satisfaction of all the Dominions represented. Indeed, there are so many conflicting interests and ideas within the Commonwealth that it is surprising that any such conference could even be convened. Never before have there been non-European Dominions (India, Pakistan, Ceylon) deliberating equally with the "old" Dominions of European descent—and between India and South Africa the racial issue is acute, while Australia's antipathy to Asiatic immigration is well known.

Even on the economic plane there are some differences so sharp that a common policy is difficult to plan. With Canada outside the sterling area, not even the currency is common to all Dominions; and, indeed, economically Canada veers inevitably towards the U.S.A. And the Dominions may well ask where does Britain herself stand, now that she is an integral part of the Marshall Plan and of Western Union?

An informal exchange of views can obviously not decide the destiny of the Commonwealth. It can, however, clarify the issues. But the more these issues have been debated, outside if not inside the conference, the more complex have they appeared. No thinking person is able to say clearly and simply how the nations of the Commonwealth can best harmonize together, what should be their relationship with the non-British world. Only those who are inveterately hostile to the idea of empire deny that the Commonwealth has still a part to play.

Three Possibilities

There seem to be three separate possibilities for the Dominions, even apart from the dependent areas, which progressive opinion likes to regard as partners whose status will eventually be that of equals. The Commonwealth can be loose enough organizationally to include Dominions of any race or origin, regardless of historical differences. Or it can be close-knit and smaller, with the "brown Dominions" going the independent way which many of their nationals see as historically inevitable; and even, perhaps, eventually, with one or two of the "old" Dominions taking an independent course, as some South Africans desire, or forming closer links elsewhere, as Canada's proximity to the U.S.A. may seem to indicate.

Or there can be two types of Dominions; the "inner circle" of old ones, enjoying the intimate confidence of the Mother Country, and the "outer circle" of non-European-peopled countries affiliated loosely, rather as non-British countries can associate with the sterling area.

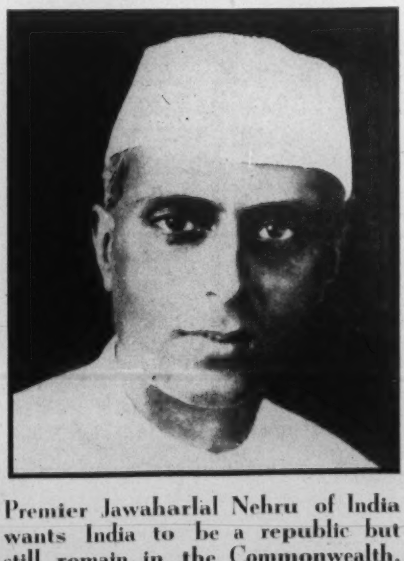
Whatever form emerges in this period of world transition, the countries must be bound together with a common idea of living. They must have common strategic interests. Their trading relations must be close (economics, after all, is the foundation of political relationships) yet not constrictive; for each unit in the Commonwealth has to live with the rest of the world as well as with the other British nations.

At the end of all such deliberations comes the question: can a worldwide constitutional entity really be the prototype of a new relationship among nations until all barriers between its parts have been removed? In practical terms, imperial preference is absolutely fundamental to the idea of Commonwealth; yet it is anathema to the Americans, with whom all the British countries are now closely associated. The free flow of populations within the Commonwealth, within the limits of organizational possibilities, seems to follow naturally from the idea of free association; yet in some Dominions the people of others are by no means welcome.

The Long View

Taking a long view, it may even be necessary to disperse the congested population and industries of the British Isles into the more sparsely-developed regions of the Commonwealth; is the respective governments' faith in the permanency of the Commonwealth so strong that they are willing to act on plans which must take generations to fulfil?

A *modus vivendi* has been arranged between the Marshall Plan, which is primarily between America and Europe, and the needs of British countries, whose interests are not identical with either America's or Europe's. Gradually, it must be supposed, the fundamentals of the Commonwealth will be inspected and overhauled, even in parts rebuilt—unless a future generation decides that the whole structure is out-of-date, and pulls it down to make way for a bigger plan. The Conference of Premiers should be repeated, to supervise developments.



Premier Jawaharlal Nehru of India wants India to be a republic but still remain in the Commonwealth.

JOHN M. ROGERS

G. L. MANNING

W. A. SPEAR, C.A.

Mr J. Y. Murdoch, K.C., president of The Office Specialty Mfg. Co. Ltd., announces the appointment of Mr. G. L. Manning as vice-president, who continues also as managing director; also of Mr. W. A. Spear, C.A., formerly secretary, as secretary-treasurer. Mr. John M. Rogers, a partner in the financial house of Doherty Roadhouse & Co., has been elected a member of the board of directors.

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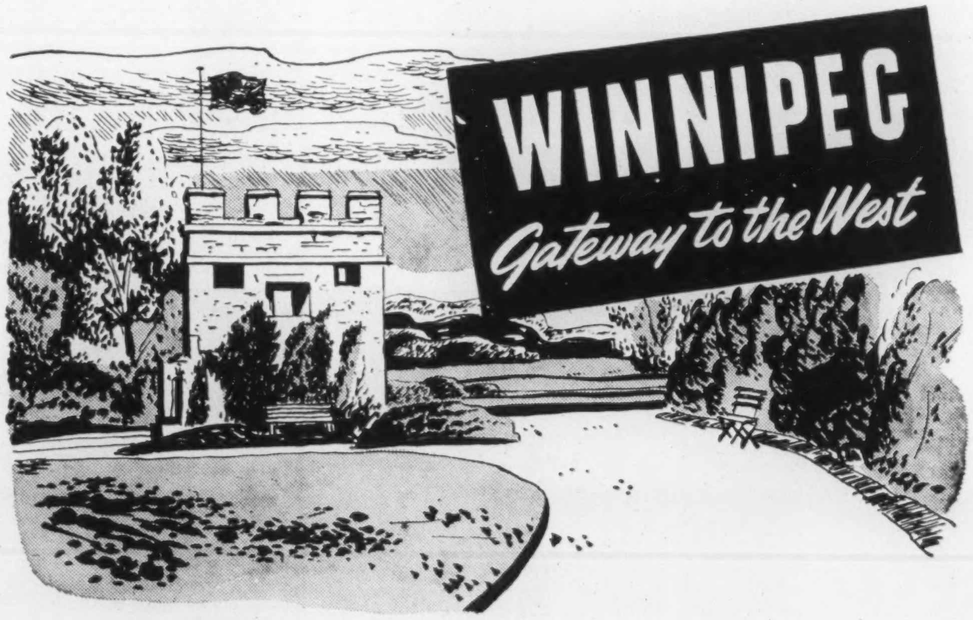

Gateway of old Fort Garry . . . original Fort built in 1822, rebuilt 1835. The North Gate is all that remains of the historic fort.

Here are the basic ingredients of the romance of the West. Geography made this city—geography, plus climate and a virile, uniquely aggressive people. This lusty, beauteous, pioneer-spirited community, funnel to the world's bread basket is the city through which poured the thousands of intrepid land seekers, fanning out to break the fertile soil, build for Canada the multi-million acred grain and cattle empire that is the Prairies today.

Nearby, are the West's vast stockyards. In the city, proper, are the most spacious railway yards in the world under one system. It is one of the greatest grain centres of the world. Highly civilized architecture distinguishes its mammoth department stores and its gracious spired churches. It is the aim of Winnipeg's citizens to outshine its present status in all arts by which cities become great.

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VANCOUVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA, CANADA

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NEWS OF THE MINES

Hudson Bay Mining And Smelting Is Steadily Increasing

By JOHN M. GRANT

INCOME of Hudson Bay Mining and Smelting Company, one of Canada's largest copper-zinc-gold-silver producers, and Manitoba's pioneer mining and metallurgical enterprise, has been steadily expanding in recent years, with present expectations that 1948 earnings may exceed $6 a share. A reflection of this year's earnings trend, which is mainly due to the higher prevailing prices for zinc and copper, is found in the declaration of an extra dividend of $1 per share payable along with the regular quarterly $1 on December 13 to shareholders of record November 12. This will bring total disbursements in the current year to a new peak of $5 per share, as compared with $3 paid in 1947, $2.25 in 1946 and $2 in 1945. The uptrend in earnings has been steady, climbing from $2.06 per share in 1944 to $3.21 in 1946 and $4.54 in 1947, and if metal prices hold even higher earnings than expected this year are likely in 1949. In the first six months this year net earnings were $2.75 per share, with $1.46 of this in the second quarter. Production has been at an increasing rate, but earnings are all the more impressive as heavy expenditures have been necessary on mining development since the war, and outlays have been large on the new plant to permit economic recovery of the zinc content in the residue stockpile. The growth of the company's working capital has also been outstanding, totalling $28,908,880 at the end of 1947, as compared with $18,272,031 at the close of 1943. Price of the shares recently attained an all-time high of $54.50 on the Toronto Stock Exchange.

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In view of the present high price for zinc, and the fact that the Hudson Bay Mining and Smelting Company has a stockpile of over 700,000 tons of zinc plant residue, it is of particular interest that the company's experimental work on this material has developed a commercial recovery process. A recent announcement was to the effect that work had started on the construction of a slag fuming plant to retreat the stockpiled zinc residues. The plant will have a daily capacity of 300 tons, will cost from five to six million dollars, and handling current and stockpiled material, might increase the company's zinc output by 30,000,000 pounds a year or more. The fuming plant and necessary addition to the present electrolytic zinc plant will be completed in 1950. An unofficial estimate is to the effect that 300 tons of residue will provide the same profit as 1,000 tons of ore, with the gold and silver recovery from the residue going a long way toward meeting costs. Research toward commercial recovery of the zinc content in the residues, and of securing a higher extraction of zinc from current operations, has been going on for years. A couple of years ago a 30-ton test plant was installed to experiment with the various methods, at which time is was believed a commercial plant could be put up for two to three million dollars. As mentioned above, however, the present cost is double the earlier estimate.

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For some years Hudson Bay Mining and Smelting Company has been quite active in the search for new mines, and this work has already resulted in two new base metal mines. These are the Cuprus Mines property, some 8½ air miles from the main mine, where production is expected almost immediately, and the Schist Lake holdings, a mile or so south of the Mandy mine—the first deposit in the area to undergo development—now controlled by Hudson Bay, and they are likely to have an important place in future production. Hudson Bay owns about 80% of Cuprus, while the Schist Lake mine is wholly owned, and expected to come into production during the latter half of 1949. Initial milling at the Cuprus will be 300 tons a day, with prospects of expansion. Concentrates will be shipped by road to the Hudson Bay plants at Flin Flon for treatment. The ore here is similar to that of the parent mine, although carrying more copper and zinc, than gold and silver. Ore from the Schist Lake mine will be taken by an aerial tramway to the main mine for treatment, and it is also planned to commence here at around 300 tons a day. Several parties are kept in the field on outside exploration, with considerable of the attention being devoted to areas not far removed from the principal operation. So far this year there have been no reports of finds of an outstanding nature.

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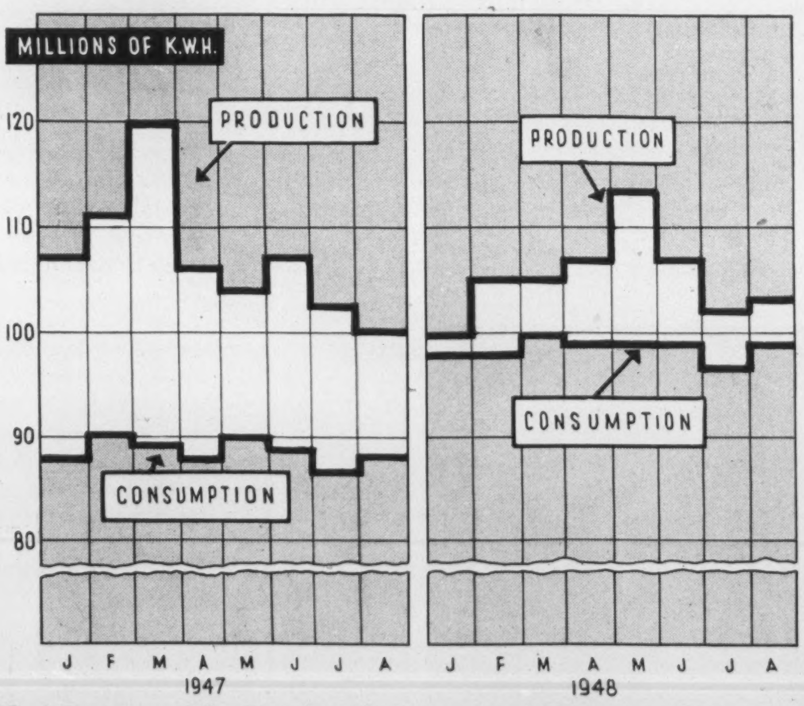
An interest in a petroleum and natural gas reservation in Alberta, covering 40,000 acres, has been secured by Citralam Malartic Mines and Hugh Malartic Mines. Each of the companies has issued 200,000 treasury shares for the interest, which will be 12½% to each company.

THE ELECTRICITY SHORTAGE



The seriousness of the Canadian electric power shortage, particularly bad in Ontario, is indicated by the narrowing gap between production and consumption. In the graph "Production" is total production from central electric stations, less exports to the U.S. and estimated losses. "Consumption" is estimated firm power consumed. Comparing 1948 to 1947, month by month, shows gap between production and consumption is much less this year. *Source: Bank of Canada Statistical Summary Sept. 1948.*

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Toronto, Ontario. President.

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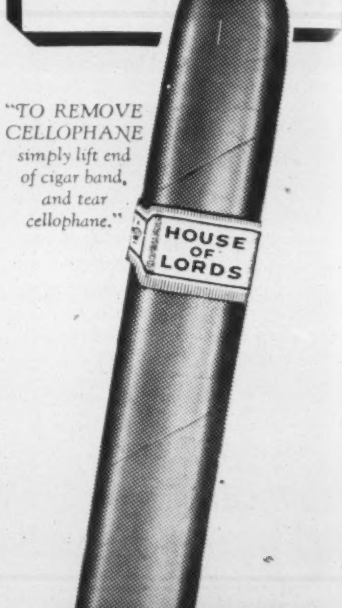

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Preferred Dividend No. 15

NOTICE is hereby given that a Dividend of One dollar and twelve and one-half cents ($1.12½) per share on the outstanding paid-up Four and one-half per cent (4½%) Cumulative Redeemable Preferred Shares of the Company has been declared payable December 15, 1948, to shareholders of record as at the close of business on November 15, 1948. The transfer books will not be closed.

By Order of the Board.

Frank Hay,
Secretary.

Toronto, October 15, 1948.

THE MONTREAL COTTONS LIMITED

A Moco FABRIC REGISTERED

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT A QUARTERLY DIVIDEND of 43c per share, being at the rate of seven percent (7%) per annum, has been declared upon the $25.00 par value seven percent (7%) cumulative redeemable preferred shares of the Company, and cheques will be mailed on the fifteenth day of December next to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 15th day of November, 1948.

By Order of the Board.

CHAS. GURNHAM,
Secretary-Treasurer.

Valleyfield, 20th October, 1948.

ALUMINIUM LIMITED

ALUMINIUM LIMITED N E S W

DIVIDEND NOTICE

On October 13th, 1948, a quarterly dividend of Fifty Cents per share in Canadian currency was declared on the no par value Shares of this Company payable December 6th, 1948, to shareholders of record at the close of business November 10th, 1948.

Montreal
October 13th, 1948

J. A. DULLEA
Secretary

The Royal Bank of Canada

DIVIDEND No. 245

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of twenty-five cents per share upon the paid-up capital stock of this Bank has been declared for the current quarter and will be payable at the Bank and its branches on and after Wednesday, the first day of December next to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 30th day of October, 1948.

By order of the Board.

JAMES MUIR
General Manager.

Montreal, Que., October 19, 1948.

VICE-PRESIDENT

James Muir, whose appointment as Vice-President of The Royal Bank of Canada is announced. Mr. Muir has been General Manager of the Bank since 1945 and will continue to serve in that capacity.

BUSINESS AND MARKET FORECAST

Stocks In Buying Area

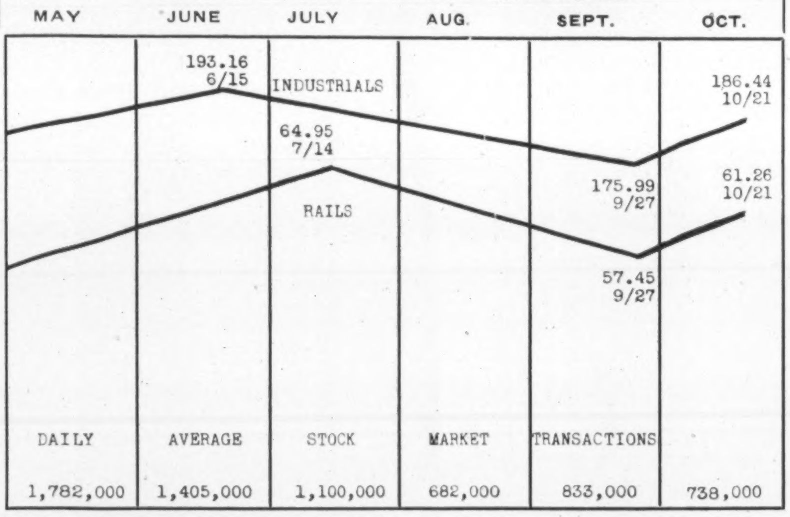
BY HARUSPEX

THE LONG-TERM N. Y. AND CANADIAN MARKET TREND: Primary trend upward. Barring war, movement could extend well into 1949. Short term trend downward since the June-July high points to late September, with turnabout now being attempted.

In late September the N. Y. stock market, as reflected by the Dow-Jones industrial average, attained the objective of 175 projected in these Forecasts on July 10 as maximum normal limits to the correction then believed to be under way. Attainment of the 175 level was accompanied by substantial drying up of volume suggesting, at the time, an absence of serious liquidating pressure. Subsequently, the two averages have registered a relatively large minor swing. This up turn comes at a time when the U.S.A. news background is becoming more favorable in that the prospects of a more conservative political administration from Washington are approaching fruition via the November 2 balloting. In brief, it is easily possible that the secondary decline ended at the late September lows and that an intermediate upswing is under way. This will be confirmed should minor decline now ensue, failing to carry one or both averages under Sept. low points with following rally carrying both averages above the current rally tops.

During recent weakness, we advised accumulation of stocks on the part of those willing to disregard or minimize the war risk. While, broadly speaking, stocks continue favorably priced, we see no reason to follow up current strength by additional purchasing, except in individually recommended growth issues.

DOW-JONES STOCK AVERAGES



BUSINESS BRIEFS

ONE of the most fascinating stories of industry is the making of steel, and the Open House of Atlas Steels Limited, Welland, Ontario, presented an actuality story most effectively for three days last week. During the period some 10,000 visitors to the large plant saw the making of high grade steel in the various stages. Organization of the tours, well-briefed guides and every department working at full strength were features to make the trip an informative and thrilling one. The Atlas plant is the largest of its kind in the British Empire. The volume production during the war, when the plant received a sudden and extensive expansion, has been maintained due to the demands for fine steels in the reconstruction and reconversion of industry throughout the world. In addition to more than 2,500 Canadian customers, Atlas makes steel for at least 58 countries. This latter fact was evident at the end of our tour, before refreshments and a pleasant chat with Mr. C. Leonard Bailey, vice-president, when we saw evidences of the large export business—steel orders neatly boxed and stacked in the shipping room for Australia, Venezuela, Colombia, China, England, etc. Atlas workers are happy for many obvious reasons like pension benefits and stable union agreements but they also take pride in the job *per se*. Mr. Bailey told us that he wouldn't be surprised if, as a result of the workmen's enthusiasm for the Open House, production figures showed an increase for the three-day period.

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LOUIS L. LANG, president of the Mutual Life of Canada, announced today that that company's life insurance in force has now passed the billion dollar mark. Almost the entire amount — 98 per cent — is on the lives of residents of Canada and Newfoundland. The company, now in its 7th year, has closed each year of business since establishment in 1869 with an increase in insurance in force. Benefits paid to policyholders of the Mutual Life of Canada in dividends since its founding 79 years ago—$109,700,000 — have almost equalled the payments in death and disability claims — $115,200,000—and total payments to policyholders and beneficiaries have amounted to $369,100,000.

The company's assets now exceed $319,800,000, 75 per cent of which are comprised of Dominion of Canada, other government, provincial and municipal, public utility and industrial bonds.

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J. K. MACDONALD, president of Confederation Life Association and director of Dominion-Scottish Investments Ltd., has been elected to the board of the Consumers' Gas Co. of Toronto, it was announced by C. L. Bishop, president of the gas company. Mr. Macdonald fills the vacancy caused by the death of V. R. Smith.

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THE target set by the British Travel Association for 1948 of $160 million earnings is now within easy reach, the White Paper released by the United Kingdom government reveals. Tourist earnings for 1948 are estimated at $112 million. Added to this is $48 million of fares collected by British shipping and air line companies.

Records to date show that 68,421 visitors from overseas came to Britain in August. This is an increase of 34 per cent over the 1936-38 average for the month and 40 per cent higher than August last year. The total for 1948 till the end of August is likely to be about 400,000. Of the August visitors, 12,000 were dollar-earning Americans; thousands of Canadians have also visited the United Kingdom this year, buying Britain's invisible export, tourism. On a population basis, a greater proportion of Canadians visit Britain than do Americans.

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D. F. POLLOCK of Montreal, secretary of Belding-Corticelli Ltd., was elected National President of The Canadian Credit Men's Trust Association, Ltd., at the annual meeting of the national directors held recently in Toronto.

Plywood and Lumber—
Basic Building Materials

H. R. MacMillan Export Company Limited and its subsidiaries earned in the year ended September 30th, 1947, $9.55 per Class "A" Share or over 19 times annual dividend requirements of 50¢ per share. This ample coverage gives protection for fluctuating business conditions. While the 1948 annual statement is not yet completed the Company has reported that earnings for the fiscal year ended September 30th, 1948 have increased.

The Company with its subsidiaries is the largest producer of plywood in Canada and one of the largest manufacturers and exporters of timber products in the world. We offer as principals:

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ABOUT INSURANCE

Importance Of Insurance From The Economic Standpoint

By GEORGE GILBERT

Its main function as a distributor of loss indicates plainly the place insurance occupies in social economics. While it does not directly create wealth, there is no question of its indirect influence on both the creation and distribution of wealth.

Modern industry is largely dependent on the use of borrowed capital, and the owners of this loaned capital need the element of protection provided by insurance against loss from those contingencies which arise to disappoint the expectations of both debtors and creditors.

BY means of insurance a person is enabled to transfer to an insurer the risk of pecuniary loss up to a specified amount arising from certain contingencies, and the insurer in turn distributes such loss as occurs among the whole body of policyholders. All policyholders contribute by way of premiums to the aggregate loss, which also necessarily includes the cost of conducting the business and a possible profit.

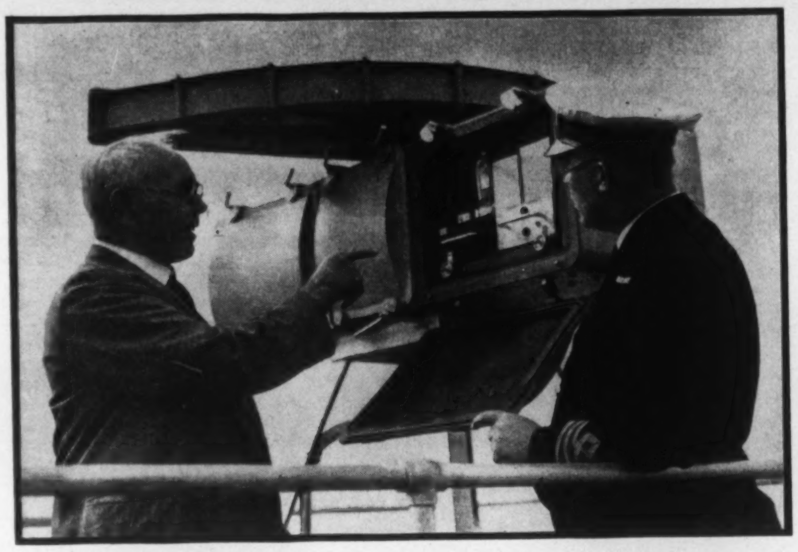
In this connection the word "premium" has reference to something paid for in advance. What is purchased is protection against the risk of financial loss arising from specified causes. In other words, this risk of financial loss is carried through the medium of the insurance company by the whole body of policyholders and not by the individual insured. The contribution of both those who do not and those who do suffer losses are required to pay those who do incur losses and the expenses of the business.

Many persons evidently find it difficult to understand that they have had their money's worth even if they have so far collected nothing by way of a claim payment. They sometimes think they should get their money back, or part of it at least, seeing that it has not cost the insurance company a penny to carry the risk, as they have never received anything in return.

But like those of all the other policyholders, their premiums were needed to pay the claims of those who suffered losses, which simply means that carrying the risk of an individual insured for any length of time costs money whether the individual ever has a claim to collect or not. The function of insurance as a distributor of loss indicates the place it occupies in social economics. Although it does not create wealth, not directly at least, its function being to distribute loss, there is no question that its indirect influence both on the creation and distribution of wealth is great indeed.

While traces of the insurance principle in ancient or medieval times have been found, whatever influence wielded as a system is wholly modern. Like many other things which we now regard as indispensable, insurance was not a necessity in the old world, and people lived and prospered and accumulated wealth without its protection.

This brings up the question of what is it in the world of today that makes insurance essential or to which it contributes important elements. One of the characteristics of modern business which distinguishes it from that of the old world is the magnitude of its operations and the extent and complexity of the present system of credit.



Radar apparatus has been installed at the end of Southend pier, near London, Eng., so that the public can watch on a screen the movement of shipping in the Thames estuary. This installation, which will also be used to train engineers and Merchant Navy officers, cost $14,000.

When consideration is given to the growth in modern times of the size and value of ships and their cargoes, of factories and their machinery, of warehouses and stores and their contents, it is easy to perceive that it is not only in few exceptional instances but in a multiplicity of cases all over the world that property of enormous value is exposed to the risks of serious damage or total destruction by one wreck or one fire, the need of the function of insurance becomes apparent.

Life Cover Needed

Likewise the need of insurance becomes plain when cognizance is taken of the vast number of persons whose lives possess a considerable pecuniary value and whose premature death would occasion serious financial loss to their families, their creditors, their partners or others.

It is admitted that there are now and may always have been a few individuals or institutions so rich that no possible destruction of property by wreck or fire or other insurable hazard would wholly ruin them if uninsured, but the industry and commerce of the world generally is by no means in the hands of such as these. As a matter of fact, the transactions of trade and commerce are almost wholly carried on by persons to whom insurance is an absolute necessity, and it is out of their needs that insurance has received its modern development.

One of the distinguishing features of modern industrial and commercial life is the credit system under which a large part of the business of the world is conducted with the use of capital belonging to others than those engaged in the business. This is an entirely modern system, as the Christianity of the Middle Ages was hostile to the lending of money at interest, but about the time of the Reformation it appears to have been regarded as allowable, and the principle of the use of loanable capital and a charge for its use began to be recognized.

Basis of Credit System

All the vast superstructure of the present credit system rests on recognition of the elementary principle that the use of money capital is a necessary element in the production of wealth. Modern industry and commerce are largely dependent on the use of borrowed capital.

In fact, if one takes the trouble to review the familiar methods of investing spare capital, such as by way of mortgage loans on various classes of property, purchase of shares of joint stock companies, and trace the uses of that capital and the sources from which the returns are obtained which compensate the owners, it will be seen how largely the safety of the investment depends upon some kind of insurance.

Insurance thus acts as an indirect agent in the production of wealth, and having regard to the scale and conditions of wealth production in these days, insurance is an indispensable agent. But if it can help to create wealth, it is possible that it may also help to destroy it. Its usefulness or its injuriousness may depend on the principles and conditions which prevail in the conduct of it.

As has already been pointed out, the great function of insurance is to distribute loss, and precautions must be taken to prevent it tending to create the loss which it distributes. The essential condition on which insurance protection may properly be extended to the owner of property is that any loss for which indemnity becomes payable must be one for which he is not responsible and which is neither caused nor hastened by his act or negligence. There is also an implied if not expressed condition that he will do what he can to prevent loss.

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Annapolis Apple Growers Are Without Markets

By S. L. KYDD

The great apple growing centre of Nova Scotia — the Annapolis Valley — is facing ruin, for growers find they cannot compete in their traditional markets with new producers on one hand and the currency squeeze on the other.

S. L. Kydd outlines the economic plight of the apple growers, and suggests that Annapolis Valley residents may face return to a subsistence economy or be forced to migrate further west.

Waterville, N.S.

THE ANNAPOLIS Valley's 2,600 apple growers are facing ruin. The whole valley depends on the growers for a living, so the ruin won't be confined to the grower and his immediate dependents. The hired help, the general merchant, the doctor, the dentist, perhaps even the undertaker, are going to feel the pinch. Disaster (it's exactly that) isn't going to catch up with us later; it's here now. We've had our ups and downs, but the signs for the future point down only; and in expert Ottawa opinion they read "permanent".

We have the old trouble, overproduction. We haven't many apples this year, by comparison, and what we have won't grade well, but we haven't any market, either. If you manufacture one fifty-cent tooth-brush and can't sell it, you're overproducing. We have $2,000,000 worth of canned apples on hand, with no outlet in sight, and this year's harvest on top of that.

France leads the world in apple production with 115 million bushels (5-year average, 1943-47.) The U.S. comes second with 100.5 million bushels (same average.) Canada, as a whole, grows 14.6 million bushels, of which the Annapolis Valley's share is 4.5 million; 1 per cent of the world's supply. In bumper-crop years we have doubled this figure, or pretty nearly.

The final count for 1947 is 3,631,000 bushels (about 1,320,000 barrels.) Our estimated production for 1948 is 2,900,000 bushels (about 1,054,000 barrels.) Estimated pack-out this year is 70 per cent, giving us about 737,000 barrels of marketable apples. Our new Central Marketing Board succeeded in selling, under pressure, 321,000 barrels of fresh apples out of the 1947 crop. The chance that it will sell any more this year is remote.

Before the war, our apples went to Britain, almost exclusively. We supplied some to the local markets and Newfoundland (in competition with B.C.) and shipped some to Montreal, but the British market suited us so well that we didn't really look elsewhere. The local markets take truckloads. Montreal takes carloads. The British market took shiploads. Sometimes the price was only six shillings a barrel, but generally it was a fairly good market, quite often exceptionally good. We had a tariff preference over the American shippers and we could deliver apples from the warehouse-siding to the dockside in Liverpool for 85 cents a barrel. The fact that the Imperial Preference got swept away in the post-war shuffle doesn't mean anything; the market got swept away, too. We have been assured by several people in positions to know that the British market is gone forever.

War Subsidy

When the war broke out, we whipped up a delegation to Ottawa and got our industry on a war footing. We got a subsidy. We've been getting it ever since. What apples could be sold on the Canadian market, as fresh fruit, have been sold there. Most of them have gone to the canning factories and evaporators, for dried apples, apple-juice, pie-filler and apple sauce. That these things don't profit the grower can be demonstrated with one example: dried apples at 18 cents a pound on the shelf in Toronto yield the grower here 65 cents a barrel, gross. The government paid for them and peddled them for us. Our only worry was the weather. 1944 was the lushest year in our history—total revenue well over $6,000,000.

In the red-plush days long ago, when an apple was an apple (not a McIntosh or a Spy), the early growers planted with wild abandon—anything they could get hold of. Since the beginning of the war, we have liquidated half a million trees of unwanted varieties. We got them pushed out for nothing at first, then got a bounty of $2.00 per tree, then $4.00 per tree. We had, until recently, 128 different varieties growing—in a world that wants only half a dozen.

But even if we had converted them by grafting and replanting, we couldn't sell them all now. The British market is gone. An auctioneer who used to handle some of our apples in Liverpool tells us that the British market will be bare by late October, but the government of the mass puts apples in the luxury class; they may buy some in the sterling bloc, or austerely go without them.

The U.S. market is out indefinitely; they have, on estimate, 8,000,000 bushels this year above their average cited earlier. Shipment to Venezuela costs $10.50 per barrel, from New York; to Haifa, $10.00. (This in contrast to the 85 cents we used to pay to British ports.) There has always been a trickle to the West Indies and it may extend to South America, continental Europe and Asia Minor, but it will never be more than a trickle. The West Indies and South America, especially, have living-standards considerably below ours. If the Canadian consumer finds our apples too expensive, there is little hope elsewhere.

To Montreal, the freight charge is $1.00 a barrel; to Toronto, $1.21, including the 21 per cent hoist. Ontario growers can get their apples to the Toronto market for 15 cents, average. Tremendous new plantings in Ontario, especially in the Georgian Bay district, will cut us neatly out of that market. Quebec will probably always take some (always has) but there, too, new plantings have been extensive in recent years. This seems to be happening all over the world; Denmark, Holland, Norway, Britain, even Japan and Korea, report great numbers of young trees coming into bearing; the Japanese industry is slanted directly at the North American market.

All Costs Up

Production costs vary with the individual, but we used to deliver apples to the warehouse for roughly $1.00 a barrel. We can't do it for much less than $2.50 now. Labor used to cost 15 cents an hour; now it's 40 to 50 cents an hour. Barrels used to cost 35 cents; now they're 95 cents. Spraying materials and fertilizers have risen 50 per cent to 100 per cent and we have to use more of them. Twelve years ago, it was customary to sow 500 lbs. of fertilizer (9-5-7) to the acre and spray five times in the season. Some extremists sprayed six times. Now we spray from eight to twelve times and the fertilizer application has risen from 500 to 1,000, 1,500, 2,000 lbs. per acre per year, without any increase in quantity or quality of fruit; in fact yield and quality seem to be declining.

The alternatives ahead of us seem to be mass migration or a return to a subsistence economy. Cars, trucks, tractors, reaper-binders, corn-pickers, power-takeoff mowers and rotary ploughs have no place in a subsistence economy. They operate on cash. We have had a standard of living as high as any group of farmers in Canada, perhaps in North America; certainly higher than most city-dwellers. What now? A new trek to the West, or the reincarnation of "the man with the hoe"?

NOTICE

is hereby given that the China Fire Insurance Company Limited having ceased to carry on business in Canada, has reinsured its liabilities in Canada, in the Union Insurance Society of Canton, Limited, which is registered under the Canadian and British Insurance Companies Act, 1932, as amended, to transact business in Canada, and will apply to the Minister of Finance for the release on the 29th day of November, 1948, of the securities on deposit with the Minister of Finance; and that any Canadian policyholder opposing such release should file his opposition thereto with the Minister of Finance, Ottawa, on or before the 29th day of November, 1948.

Dated at Toronto, Ont., this 13th day of August, 1948.

COLIN E. SWORD
Chief Agent for Canada

J. V. OWEN

Montreal, Manager for Canada, of the Guardian Assurance Company Limited, of London, England, was elected President of the Dominion Board of Insurance Underwriters. J. E. Haskins, of Toronto, General Manager for Canada of the Norwich Union Fire Insurance Society, was elected 1st Vice President and J. H. Harvey of Montreal, Manager for Canada, of the Great American Insurance Company of New York, 2nd Vice President. These elections took place at the recent annual meeting of the association.

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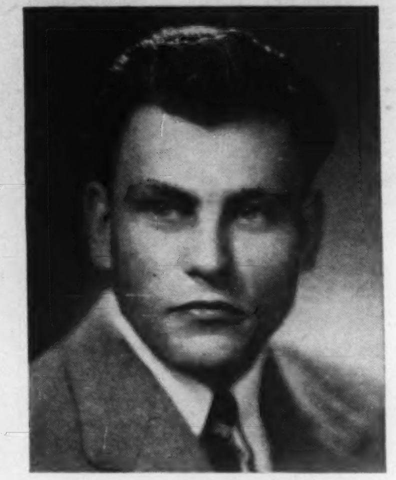


JOHN EDWARD FORSYTH
Recently elected President of John Forsyth, Limited, Kitchener, Ont., succeeding his father, the late John D. C. Forsyth.

Standard Chemical Company
LIMITED
Dividend — Preferred Stock

Notice is hereby given that a quarterly dividend of one and one quarter percent (1¼%) on the issued 5% cumulative redeemable preferred shares of the Company has this day been declared payable on the 1st day of December; 1948 to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 29th day of October, 1948.

By Order of the Board,

G. MILLWARD,
Secretary.

October 19th, 1948.

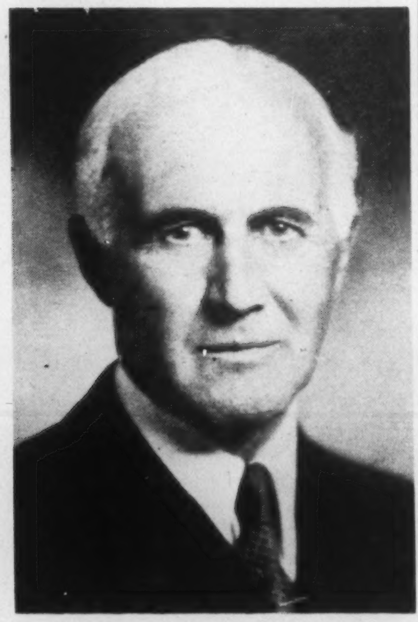
Standard Chemical Company
LIMITED
Dividend — Common Stock

Notice is hereby given that a quarterly dividend of ten cents (10c) per share on the issued common shares of the Company has this day been declared payable on the 1st day of December, 1948 to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 29th day of October, 1948.

By Order of the Board,

G. MILLWARD,
Secretary.

October 19th, 1948.



G. MONTEGU BLACK
The appointment of G. Montegu Black of Winnipeg as Canadian Director of the Phoenix Life Assurance Company of London, England, is announced. Mr. Black is widely known in business circles of Western Canada. He is President of Black and Armstrong Limited and President of Western Breweries Limited, both of Winnipeg.

WASHINGTON LETTER

(*Continued from Page* 8)

that Third Party group's most appropriate symbol.

Mr. Truman's brief foray into southern territory met with a good response and there has been a drop in interest in the Dixiecrat cause, and many influential Southerners have stuck with the Democratic party.

Mr. Truman made his strongest bid for the support of Liberals when the polls showed that Wallace was losing ground badly. That was when he started to hammer on the theme that the Republicans planned to jettison all New Deal legislation.

The President has had a strong trade union support and this has been concentrated in congressional areas where the Democrats have a chance of winning Senate or House seats.

It would probably be some satisfaction to Mr. Truman if Mr. Dewey were to win the Presidency but find the Senate and House, or at least the Senate, in control of the Democrats.

The 100 to 1 chance of a complete Democratic victory are virtually impossible odds, but there are some other possible election results that might have some interesting pay-offs.

A stymied Senate would be disastrous to Mr. Dewey's pledge to streamline government and to house-clean Washington. And it would leave him waist-deep in patronage trouble.

It may look like a sure thing for Dewey, but there are still chances of some upsets come next Tuesday.

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THE WORLD TODAY

(*Continued from Page* 15)

may at last consent to the new elections.

This will mean committing political suicide for many of the delegates, particularly of the M.R.P., which can expect to be cut to a third or less of its present strength, and of the Socialist party. The best way out for the leaders of these two parties, and the best thing for the nation, would seem to be to offer to work with de Gaulle.

If those who were mentioned earlier, Reynaud, Marie, Schuman, Bidault, René Mayer, Blum and Ramadier, were to make an electoral alliance with de Gaulle, he would win an overwhelming majority. Without the Right-wing Socialists he would still win handily. If the M.R.P. and the Socialists fought him all-out, he might not get 50 per cent.

But since such an election campaign would bring street-fighting with the Communists and further strike violence, and pose even more sharply the question, either de Gaulle or the Communists, a de Gaulle with a 45 per cent vote would still come to power in some manner.

Some observers believe that this would mean civil war; rather more do not. It depends partly on what one means by civil war. An incipient civil war is going on right now. But a civil war in which the many tens of thousands of storm troops for whom the Communists have arms hidden away would be gathered in one part of the country holding a front is another thing, and seems unlikely to happen.

Nevertheless, should severe election disorders precipitate the question of suppressing the Communists at once, there will be serious trouble—and all the more if the Socialist leaders declare in the end for "working-class solidarity" and the Communists achieve what some believe to be their aim of provoking a Gaullist bid for power so as to line up the entire working class against it, under Communist leadership.

That sounds a little too much like the theory which the Communists were ordered to follow in Germany in 1932-33. Bringing Hitler to power was supposed to create their opportunity. What it actually did is history.

It seems inconceivable that every Frenchman who may belong to the "working-class" will feel himself more Marxist than French in such an emergency, and that in the attempt to liken de Gaulle to Hitler in the over-simplified Marxian way, a great many will not recall that, on the contrary, de Gaulle was the "First Resistant" of June 18, 1940, and is, for all his faults and failings, a strong, honest and indomitable patriot.

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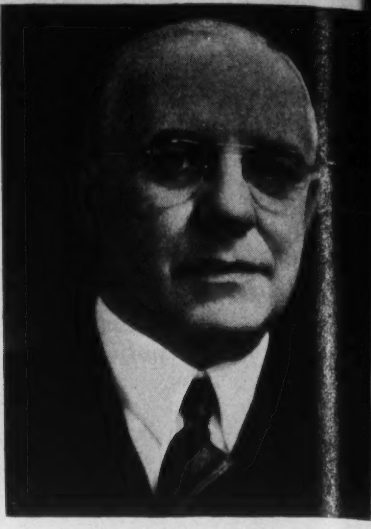
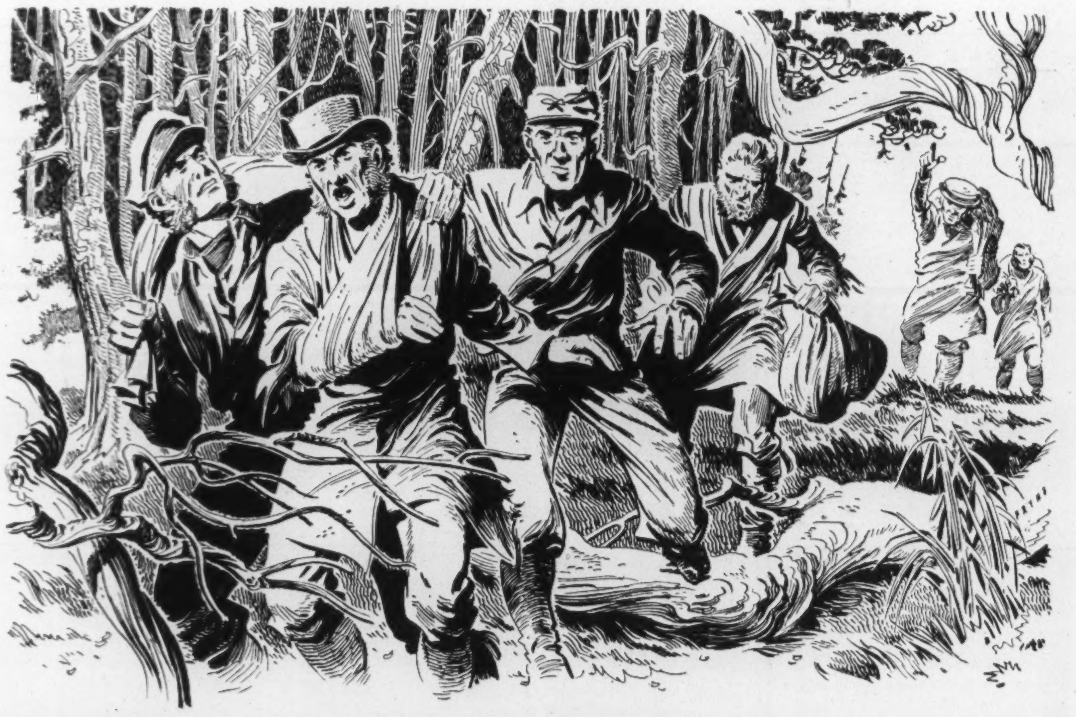
WOLSEY HALL, HAMILTON, ONT.

W. B. GAY
William B. Gay, vice-president and comptroller, International Harvester Company of Canada, Limited, has been elected to the firm's Board of Directors. This announcement was made today by I.H. president, C. W. Lockard, following a meeting of the Board. Mr. Gay joined the International Harvester Company in 1925. Following several years in South American Harvester offices, he came to Canada as comptroller in 1945 and was elected a vice-president of the company the same year.



FRANK M. MORTON
Having served Canadian agriculture and industry for more than 43 years, Frank M. Morton, senior vice-president and director of International Harvester Company of Canada, is retiring November 1, 1948. This announcement was made by C. W. Lockard, Company president, following the October meeting of the Board of Directors. Mr. Morton is a director of the Canadian Chamber of Commerce, on the board of the Canadian Automobile Chamber of Commerce, a past president of the Hamilton Chamber of Commerce, also a member of the Canadian Club, Hamilton Club, Thistle Club, Hamilton Golf and Country Club and the Rotary Club.



The year was 1835 ...

. . . over 32 miles of primitive roads and tangled woodland trails *walked* six Canadian pioneers . . . arguing fiercely as they went. Their purpose: *to kill each other's vote!*

Yes, these six early settlers knew they were evenly divided in opinion . . . that *three* would vote for one candidate Dr. William Dunlop, The Canada Company's man . . . and *three* would vote for the other candidate, Col. Anthony Van Egmond. Yet they made the gruelling march to Goderich, Ontario, there to cast their ballots in the 1835 election of The Upper Canada Legislative Assembly. Not one of the six said "*There's no use my going—my vote will be killed.*"

When YOU cast your secret ballot at every election—municipal, provincial, federal—you exercise a duty and privilege planned, worked and fought for by your forefathers. Your vote protects the future of your children. To fail in this duty is to be less than a good citizen.

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Waterfront of the Town of York (now Toronto) in 1832
Gooderham & Worts Mill in foreground.

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